Vol. CXXIX. No. 1674.

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THE BYSTANDER, JANUARY 15, 1930.

The BYSTANDER

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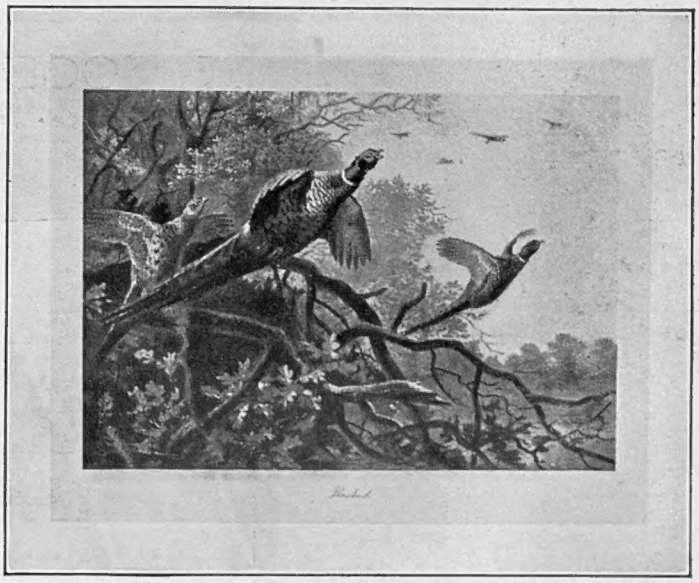

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The Bystander, January 15, 1936 No. 1674. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood and Dover Street

The Lady Revelstoke

Lady Revelstoke is one of the most charming and attractive of Debrett's young-marrieds. She is Lord and Lady Hesketh's younger daughter, married Lord Revelstoke in 1934, and has one son, John, who was born just over a year ago. She is twenty-two, two years younger than her husband, is on the committee of the Bergner matinée which takes place in March, has lately become a regular first-nighter. She and her husband, who is a nephew of Maurice Baring, have a house in Bryanston Square; the family place is Lambay Island, Co. Dublin. Her father, who was Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, was made a Baron last year; her mother is American, and was Florence Louisa Breckinridge, of San Francisco

Cresta Rider Before a Big Escape

The Hon. Ben Bathurst nearly went off the Cresta at Shuttlecock Corner when he was racing for the Carlton Cup, the first big event of the season. He was beaten by a tenth of a second by J. Lawrence. In the Heaton Cup he was also second to Lawrence

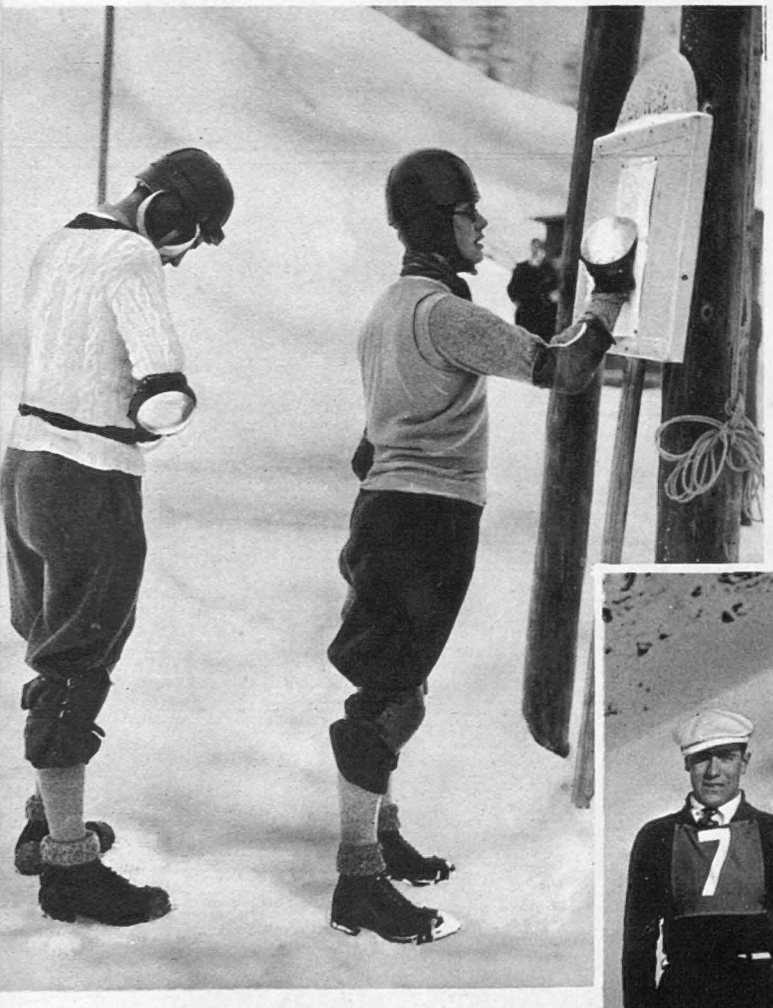
He Is From Scotland

H. R. Mackeson is in the Scots Greys—in fact, is their adjutant at Aldershot. He and several brother-officers took a spell of winter leave in Switzerland

Here's Swiss Snow News

Ski-ing and Skating Experts and Sub-Experts

Swaebe



Two More Cresta Kings

Baron Gevers is the one dealing with the score-board, and behind him is J. Lawrence, winner of the Carlton and Heaton Gold Cups, and very much the Cresta hero so far

Right: film-star John Loder is the tall one, and the other is his guide at Wengen, ski-ing star Hans Schlunegger, who holds the Wengen jumping championship and is a good forecast for this year's European title

Ace Skaters

Fred Mesot is the Belgian amateur skating champion, and Ernst Baier is skating champion of Germany, and they've both been cutting figures on Swiss ice this month

She Is From America

Miss Frances Lorrilard Ronalds is a pretty American debutante who's at Klosters. She was presented in London and had a Sunderland House ball last season, was coming out in Washington this winter, but that's been postponed

They Are From England

Miss Eileen Karri-Davies has been out on the snow since Christmas with her sister Tunie; she's with Dick Thornton, brother of Kenneth Thornton, who married Angela Brett

One Ski Each

Miss Sheila Weller-Pooley and Miss Joscelyne Verney are two of Klosters' English decorations. Joscelyne Verney is Sir Ralph and Lady Verney's only daughter, and is twenty

Film Star Watches Ice Hockey

June Clyde is the film star and she is with her director-husband, Thornton Freeland, whose last job was "The Amateur Gentleman," young Douglas Fairbanks' film that opens next week in London

Lady Veronica Hornby in her dark and trousered ski-ing suit makes a neat and graceful snow figure

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Tunbridge

The Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller

Lord Cadogan and the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller announced their engagement ten days ago, after firmly denying it the day before. He will be twenty-two next month, succeeded to his title in 1933, is the seventh Earl, and is in the Coldstream Guards. Primrose Yarde-Buller is Lord Churston's youngest sister, and will be eighteen this year. Her mother is now Mrs. Theodore Wessel, and was Denise Orme, the actress before she married the late Lord Churston

Vandyk

The Earl of Cadogan

The Hon. Michael Berry and Lady Pamela Smith

Michael Berry, Lord and Lady Camrose's second son, and the Earl of Birkenhead's lovely younger sister were married last week at the Chapel of Gray's Inn. Lady Pamela Smith had a white and silver brocade wedding dress, with a wreath of white plaster flowers to hold her tulle veil. She had her bridesmaids in silver, with wreaths and bouquets of crimson roses

A Good Time Had By All

COUNTESS DE PRET ROOSE, the clue to whose name in any cross-word puzzle would be the four-letter word "chic," gave a particularly good party in the Pinafore Room at the Savoy, which looked anything but Gilbert and Sullivan with Spry-like decorations of gold, silver and white balls. The hostess, who gave a dinner beforehand, wore a lovely diamond necklace with a dress of silver lamé shot with green; and her sister, Mrs. Smith-Bingham (in black and silver, with masses of rubies), had apparently decided not to go to America after all, for we heard her offering to make a present of her royal suite cabin to anyone who wanted it. Amongst the debs, of whom there were a goodly bunch, we admired most Mrs. Clare Beck's daughter and Miss Diana Carlos Clarke, who had a white plait in her hair to match her dress; whilst at some of the small supper-tables set round the room we noticed Lord Castlerosse, beaming over his cigar and talking to Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lord Ashley, Kathleen Lady Drogheda, draped in black, the "Quinney" Gilbeys, the Portarlingtons.

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam was there too; she has since had a nasty fall out hunting and torn the ligaments of her leg. Everyone will sympathise with her in such bad luck right in the middle of the season, for we are not exaggerating in saying that Lady Helena goes better across country than any woman in England.

Travellers' Tales

LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN made a welcome reappearance at this party for the first time since she got back from a long and adventurous stay with her sister, Lady Diana Gibb, in Kenya, where she certainly did *not* get her attractive first-time-on dress of pleated magenta chiffon, on which was a trail of "morning glory" to match the cluster held on one side of her head by silver bands. Lady Phyllis, who is enviably slim and deceptively fragile-looking, went out on long safaris in Tanganyika with her brother, Lord Lovelace, and made our newly-set wave rise appreciably by telling us, as a trivial detail of the trip, how he woke up to find a lion peering into his tent—fortunately he is a dead shot—and on another night how she herself watched a hyena stalk into her tent and trot off with her bedroom slippers—laughing fiendishly, we imagine.

The Coward First Night

To begin at the wrong end, so to speak, we fell completely for the long cardinal-red *felt* coat which Miss Gertrude Lawrence put on as the tidal wave of congratulators reached her dressing-room door after the first night of the Noel Coward plays. Possessed of more glamour than any film star we know, "Gee" Lawrence left a seething mob of friends to find and embrace Mr. Coward's father and mother and, much later on, she gave a supper-party at the San Marco. Princess Marie Louise was in a stage box attended by Mrs. Hugh Adams and accompanied by Sir Herbert Morgan and Mr. James Agate, and next door were Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, whose profile was the most interesting in the theatre, with Miss Joyce Carey (alias "Jay Mallory," author of *Sweet Aloes*) and Mr. Jack Wilson.

Engaged Couple

John Lycett Mills and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone announced their engagement a week or two back; they were photographed at Carbery Towers, Lord Elphinstone's place at Musselburgh. John Mills is in the Life Guards, and is the second son of Captain and Mrs. Arnold Mills, of Thornby Hall, Northampton

Everyone seemed to have taken extra-special trouble with themselves and long gloves covered a number of usually bare arms. Lady Warwick wore orchids twisted in her hair and large diamonds round her neck, Miss Cicely Courtneidge's curls were as the sands on the seashore, Mr. Cecil Beaton and his sister, Lady Smiley, both donned large pairs of spectacles, and Thelma Lady Furness looked like a beautiful Snow Queen in white satin and foxes. Mr. Norman Hartnell was being congratulated on the dresses he designed for Miss Lawrence, Mrs. Syrie Maugham brought her daughter Lisa, and others we saw, when we were not half-blinded by incessant photographic flashes, were Lady Carisbrooke sitting in a box, Mr. Anthony Asquith, Mrs. Teddie Thompson, whom so many people wanted to talk to that she only just managed to get to her seat, Mr. Tony Downing, Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who had spikey metal flowers upstanding in her hair.

Operatic Charms

LUNCHING at Quaglino's we espied a dashing little three-cornered hat, defying all laws of gravity, which we seemed to have seen before. Gulping down some of those hot hors-d'œuvre, we remembered it was the one we'd noticed at Mr. Philip de László's studio in his portrait of Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, to whom he paid the charming double compliment not only of asking her to sit for him, but of giving her the picture afterwards. She is painted in the act of drawing on her glove and wears an emerald ring, but not her unique bracelet hung with tiny emblems to suggest the operas in the "Ring." She has a golden Walhalla, Brunhilde's winged horse, spear and shield; Wotan's raven, and, of course, "die wörm"—the dragon that Siegfried slew.

Hat Hurling Down the Bottle Shoot

As we stepped briskly into Bury Street, determined to hike off the crimes we'd committed against every known diet sheet, we collided with a foursome on their knees on the pavement, busily engaged in hurling hats down the wooden shoot on which Quaglino's cases of wine coast swiftly cellar-wards. The man at the bottom, far from refusing to play, deftly returned Mr. Dennis Bradley's "gent's natty felt" with one hand and fielded Miss Anne Todd's with the other.

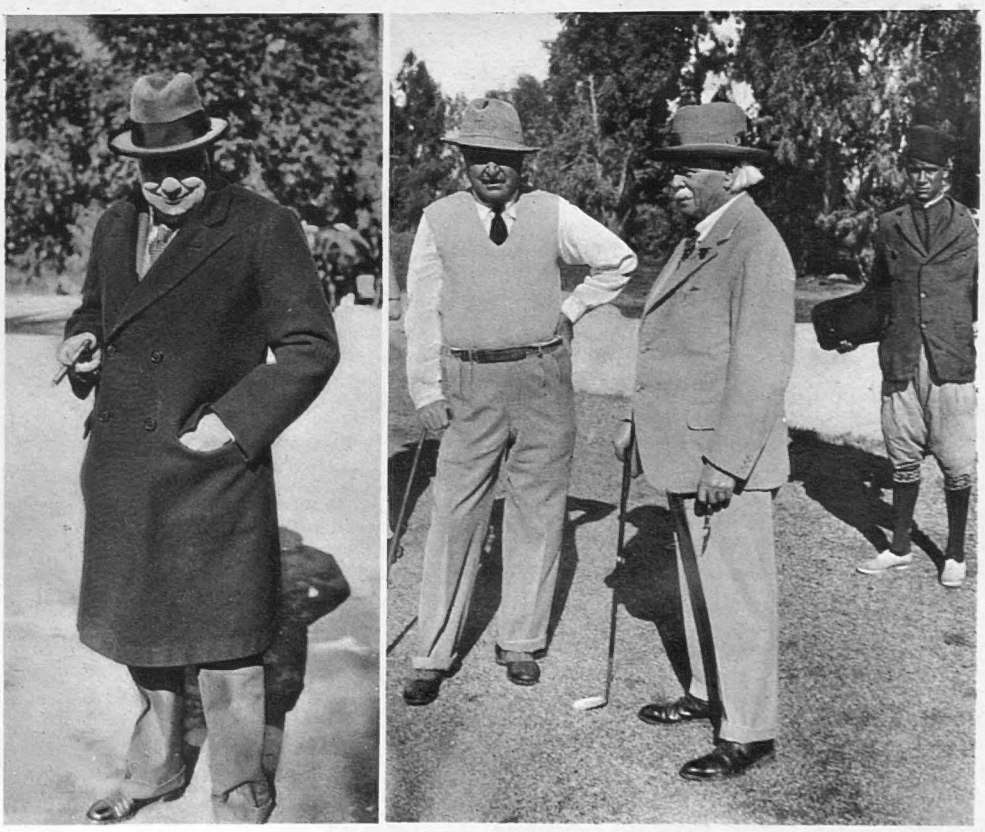
Maurice Chevalier is a confirmed Quaglino fan, and is there night and day, smile, charm and all, minus only that devastating white cloth cap with which he used to dazzle the Croisette at Cannes.

Those Relentless Fans

WE fondly imagined that only film stars and actors had fan mails, until Collie Knox showed us a tray overflowing with a Niagara of the six hundred letters he got in one week at his cottage at Farnham Common. All-powerful though he may be in the world of wireless policy and programmes, he can wave no wand to cure our own set of its extremely temperamental behaviour. Mr. Knox is off to Brighton for the finishing stage of convalescence after his serious illness, where we wish him a complete absence of interference and atmospherics from all stations.

Going Up With "Peter Pan"

GOING to see a friend in a Park Lane nursing home we were thrilled to find ourselves closeted in the lift with Sir James Barrie, for we had not seen him since we were very young indeed, and he took us to the "Zoo" on a certain red-letter Sunday afternoon. Received with royal honours by the Matron, Sir James instantly enrolled her (and us) as his slaves by referring to her as a fairy, and then passed on his quiet, methodical way, leaving us wondering why charm is so impossible to define. Still pondering, we shot past the right floor and found ourselves in the operating theatre, where the enormous white goloshes ranged in the surgeons' dressing-



African Holiday for Two Elder Statesmen

Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George both went to Morocco for their winter holidays, to Marrakech. Winston Churchill was just off for an excursion in the Atlas Mountains, which included some picture-painting. Lloyd George divides his time between golf, walking and picnics, and a new volume of his memoirs. Mrs. Lloyd George arrived out there to join him last week

room, like seven-league boots, impressed us as much as all the gleaming gadgets.

A Smashing Success

"OH, Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name!" recurred to us rather forcibly when we arrived at one of those in-aid-of tea-parties, to find a crowded room gazing wanly at a large china vase. After what seemed several hours, the amateur auctioneer turned to Lady Cambridge to ask if he might accept the last bid, and her heartfelt "Oh, yes, please *knock it down at once*" got a well-deserved laugh from Lady Suffield and Mr. "Teddy" Voules, who was being roped in to help at another charity party; his pathetic protests that he wasn't at all "good with children" being ruthlessly swept aside.

Concentrated Brilliance

STANDING on tip-toe to open one's own front door is not our idea of fun, but we watched tiny Miss Ivy St. Helier performing this feat and manipulating two locks at once with superb aplomb. This delightful little person who, in "Coal Black Mammy," wrote a song that will never die, is such a brilliant artiste that when first she went through her scene in the café during the filming of *Bitter Sweet*, the production had to be hung up because she reduced the director, camera-man and the rest of the cast to tears. Her imitations of her fellow stars are a joy that never palls, and "Virginia" and her American Momma is a classic that ought to be recorded for posterity.

At the Brazilian Embassy

DIPLOMATS to the right of us, politicians to the left, and the French language everywhere at the party given by the doyenne of the Diplomatic Corps last week at the Brazilian Embassy for the departing Portuguese Ambassador. Madame Régis de Oliveira was definitely lovely to look at in what American newspapers will insist on calling "a hostess gown" of black chiffon with many rows of pearls, and we only regretted that the party was too large for her to sing, since she does this with more grace than anyone we know.

We noticed a picture by Madrazo on an easel in the drawing-room, of a solemn, dark-eyed child in a black dress with white ribbons and red bows on the shoulders, and were enchanted when the Ambassador told us it was himself as a very small boy. Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, the tall Paravicini sisters, Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, wearing a jaunty little astrakhan Glengarry, the Finnish Minister and his charming wife, Madame de Gripenberg, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and Lady Cory, wearing wonderful jewels as usual, were a few of those we met.

Champagne in the Bath

UNDAUNTED by the fact that the flat she has taken in Curzon Street for a short time could easily be put inside her drawing-room in Charles Street, Madame Alfredo de Peña gave one of her gayest cocktail-parties as a sort of flat-warming last week. Bottles of champagne embedded in ice in the bath and the unshakeable good humour and real kindness of the hostess saw to it that the party was a real success. Mrs. John Rayner, who had full sleeves of breitschwantz fur on her olive-green tweed suit, told us she was just back from a (literally) flying trip to Paris for a wedding party; Lady Stanley of Alderley radiated quiet charm; Mrs. Harold Huth wore nodding Hussar plumes in her black hat, and others we saw were Mr. Tony Gandarillas, Lord Alington and Miss Dorothy Dickson.

Mr. and Mrs. is the Name

THAT New Year resolutions are made only to be broken we know very well, but for ourselves we have resolved never to slip into that tiresome habit of talking of people we hardly know by their first names. It gives us a faintly sick feeling to hear an ecstatic chorus of "darling Noels" and "marvellous Johns" from people who have never been nearer to Mr. Coward or Mr. Gielgud than the Theatrical Garden Party. Calling people by their Christian names ought, surely, to mean real friendship, intimacy or affection, but evidently we are slightly "olde worlde" in thinking so. It is a not unfunny moment to be able to gloat over the wrong nickname being trotted out with all the assurance of a lifelong friendship. We enjoyed our luncheon all the more after hearing a woman (not an American) describe Sir John Milbanke as "Bubbles." "Buffles" would have been nearer the mark, but whether she ever meets him or not, he will always be "Bubbles" to her.

Hydrophobia Averted

AUTHORS are notoriously absent-minded, but was it necessary for one of them to leave a complete outfit of what we believe are described in the best circles as "dentures" in the soap-dish in the Savoy Grill cloak-room? Lord Plunket, who picked them up to wash his hands with, narrowly escaped a nasty bite.

MISS PEEPS

Lady Mary Cambridge as a Dutch Boy

The Peter Pan Party at Claridge's

W. H. Page

The Marchioness of Cambridge and Miss Diana Wynyard

Lady Cambridge was hostess and chairman and Miss Diana Wynyard judged the fancy dresses at the Peter Pan Children's Party at Claridge's last week in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The doll on Lady Cambridge's knee was given by the Queen as the first prize

The good-looking Curzon sisters, Lady Ravensdale and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, went together to the Coward first night which packed the Phœnix Theatre with every first-nighter who was in London and could get a ticket

Countess de Pret Roose was there with Major Carlos Clarke, and next to him sat Lady Durham. It was Countess de Pret Roose's last appearance in London before she set off on her trip to the West Indies

"To-night At 8.30"

A Few of Noel Coward's First-Night Audience

Swaebe

Above: Mr. Andrew Drummond-Moray and Lady Harcourt sat next each other for the really brilliant evening Noel Coward produced with the first three of his six plays, plus the one and only Gertrude Lawrence and an excellent cast

Left: Mrs. Woolley Hart was there too, in a spectacular and glittering evening coat

Mr. Stephen Raphael was escort to Lady Warwick, whose orchids in her hair were one of the best head-decorations of the evening

Swaebe

Here Are Seven of Great Britain's Ski-ing Hopes on the Feminine Side

Miss Jeannette Kessler, who broke her leg last year but is now better than ever, and Miss Evelyn Pinching were getting ready for their morning's work. Evelyn Pinching did well in the FIS last year and had a sudden jump into the ski-ing limelight

These three are Miss Helen Blane, Lady Blane's daughter, Miss Beryl Walter, in one of the new sari-derived hoods, and Miss Elizabeth MacFie, who belongs to the Scottish Ski Club, learnt her ski-ing in her native land, and goes like a rocket

Miss Joan Davies, a newcomer to the British Olympic team, and Miss Helen Tomkinson are both training hard under Bill Bracken. Helen Tomkinson is a Davos "product"; her thick scarlet sweater makes a nice bit of local colour

Austrian Prelude

British and American Lovelies Training at St. Anton for the Olympic Games

Four Members of the American Team

Miss Ellis Ayre-Smith is the champion girl skier of America, and is leading the U.S.A. team who are also training at St. Anton for the Olympic meeting at Garmisch next month

This is Miss Hannah Locke getting set for hard work. She is very neat in her navy-blue jockey cap and plus fours, and grey wind-jacket, and even more attractive without the dark glasses

Mrs. Helen Boughton-Leigh used to ski for Great Britain when she was married to an Englishman. She was Helen Bendelari, and is one of the beauties of the U.S.A. side

Miss Kathryn Ward is on home ground as she learnt to ski at St. Anton and goes there every winter. Her mother is a well-known member of the American colony in Paris

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 3.

Alicia Markova

In a disappointing world, where chorus-girls look like debutantes, prize-fighters like juvenile leads, and comedians like archbishops, it is a joy to find a prima ballerina who looks exactly as a prima ballerina should. Alicia Markova's long jet-black tresses parted neatly in the middle, frail little body and black almond eyes all conspire to make her look more like Pavlova than Pavlova. Yet she is really Alice Marks, daughter of a mining engineer who went prospecting for gold in South Africa, and her whole career is the result of an accident. For she was first given dancing lessons to cure a weak knee. That was at Thorne's Academy. But in no time at all she was getting ten pounds a week as the principal dancer in the pantomime at Kennington, and everyone called her "the child Pavlova."

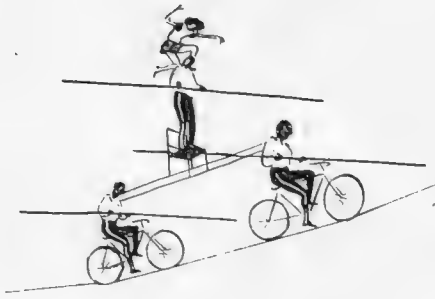
Then came disaster in the form of diphtheria, which did her out of a similar part in *The Sleeping Princess*. Someone, however, suggested that she should take ballet dancing really seriously when she recovered, and so she went to Astafieva's School, where she met Dolin. Meantime, Diaghileff had spotted her, and at the unheard-of age of fourteen she gave her first performance at Monte Carlo as a solo dancer with his famous ballet. As a matter of fact, she was far too young for anything else.

For five years she remained with Diaghileff. After his death she danced in the Ballet Club productions, with the Camargo people, and at Vic-Wells. Now, after several seasons at Sadler's Wells, she is at the Duke of York's, with a company bearing her and Dolin's names. She is not a mere technician, like so many English dancers. She has all the imagination, personality, and inspiration which her mixture of Jewish and Irish blood almost necessitates—and also the superstitiousness. Thus if she drops a needle flat on the floor she is almost prostrate, and if anyone else dared sew the ribbons on her ballet shoes, goodness knows what would happen. She takes two-and-a-halfs, by-the-bye, but she has the same disadvantage from which Pavlova suffered. Her big toe is half an inch longer than the others, and so it has to take the whole of her weight when she is on her points.

You would easily believe that Markova is on a diet. She only weighs seven stone. But it is not the usual diet. It consists of as large a quantity of steak, potatoes, milk, cream, chocolates, roast duck as she can possibly put inside her. Fortunately, she has an appetite worthy of Clemence Dane and Schiaparelli.

What else? Well, she loves all flowers, particularly gardenias. Turquoise is her favourite colour. She practises an hour a day, and has massage for thirty minutes, and private lessons from Nicolas Legat, and every time she is just going on the stage she has the curious trick of rubbing her hands together like a delighted grocer. She can't think why.

CHARLES GAY



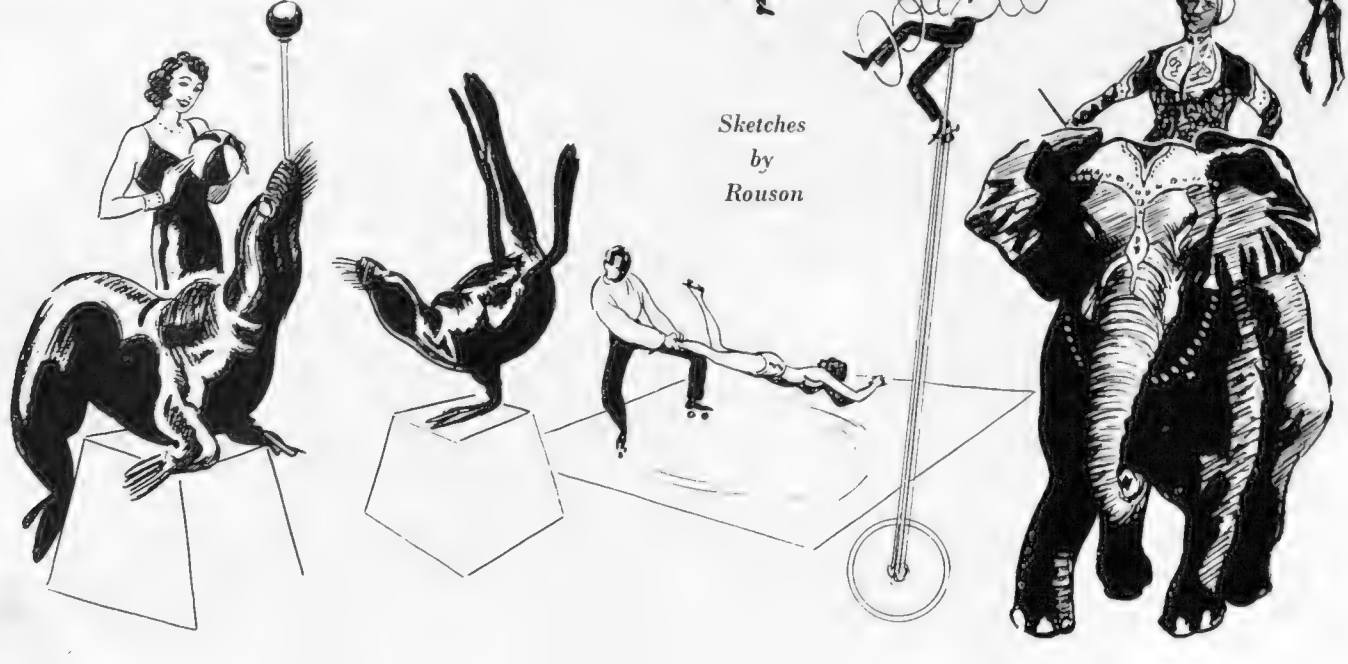
The Merry Ring
Time at Olympia

If you are one of those unfortunate people to whom circuses are less than the dust—or, rather, the sawdust—Olympia will probably hold no lure for you at the present time, for Bertram Mills is the man in possession just now, and where there 's a Mills there 's a circus. And I can assure you that the present show, which, incidentally, is the sixteenth consecutive circus to be presented by Bertram Mills at Olympia, is absolutely top-notch. Unlike some showmen, Mr. Mills is not content, when he has discovered one or two outstandingly good turns, to keep on keeping on with them, ad nauseam, but devotes a great deal of his time to the search for fresh talent. How keenly that search is prosecuted is shown by the fact that out of the twenty-two turns included in the programme no fewer than sixteen are at Olympia for the first time.

One of the most attractive of all turns seen at circuses is the work of High School horses, and this year the flower of the stables provide a Haute Ecoletural show which appropriately wins all sorts of bouquets, being unsurpassed in grace and precision. As a contrast, we have a couple of mules presented by one José Ramon. Very magnanimously, the Señor not only invites members of the audience to take a ride free of charge, but actually offers a reward to anyone, politicians included, who can keep his seat.

Other animal acts include that given by a lassie fra' Lancashire named Patricia Bourne, who, wisely shunning the more crowded professions, chose that of Lion-tamer, and is in the front of the front rank. The other lions—to wit, sea-lions—shown by Elsie Wallenda, prove themselves to be quite definitely the clowns of the animal branch.

One act you must not miss is given by The Merkl, a gentleman who, defying the laws of gravity, walks upside-down on a ceiling. The Allison Acrobatic Aces do astounding things in mid-air, and a gentleman named Rosello puts your neck in a knot and your heart in your mouth by doing the most spectacular stunts somewhere about two inches from the roof. The clowns are again present in force, but I have one serious complaint to make—not a single clown pours whitewash, or even plain H_2O, over a protesting colleague! Eheu, fugaces!



Sketches by Rouson

Ernst Deutsch

A Brilliant Czech Actor Makes His English Début in *Page From a Diary*

Ernst Deutsch, one of the best-known Continental actors, makes his first English appearance to-morrow night in Charles Bennett's melodrama, "Page From a Diary," at the Garrick, with Greer Garson and Nicholas Hannen, whom, curiously enough, he rather resembles. Deutsch was born in Prague, became a tennis instructor in Vienna, and was discovered there by Berthold Viertel, now a Hollywood director, and started on his acting career. He has worked for Reinhardt, and has played in Germany, Austria, Jugo-Slavia—in fact, all over the Continent, and in Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy, opposite Elisabeth Bergner in Giraudox' "Amphitryon," as Jew Süss in Berlin. He has come to England now, as so many distinguished artists have done, because his Jewish parentage has shut the doors of Germany in his face

Photographs by Houston Rogers

Winged Leviathan

Photographed by Norman Parkinson

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

JUST to puzzle and annoy our blue-eyed winter-sports boys and girls, who think Switzerland belongs somehow to the Empire, the Swiss recently elected themselves a new President. Not content with this, the Swiss have further, according to Reuter, held a competition for the best (Swiss) national anthem, thereby showing a spirit of restless independence (to give it no harsher a name) which will baffle and dismay our winter-sports boys and girls still further, causing them to compare the Swiss over the evening cocktail with those awful Irish. But we should worry about their worries! What interests us is that the 1000-odd entries for this competition were in the Swiss national language, which is French, German, Switzo-German, Italian, and Romansch, and that the first prize was won by a monk of Graubunden with a composition in Romansch, a kind of Switzo-Latin. Whether the other Swiss will be able to sing it we couldn't say. Is this amusing? Is it, on second thoughts, so amusing when you consider that if you were a Cumberland man, and you asked a Devon man why his false teeth whistled, neither of you would understand a word of each other's conversation? Or are we wrong? We 've just had quite a discussion with a very serious person over this. His objections, very sound, are three:

(1) It 's highly unlikely that a Cumberland man could ever discuss false teeth with a Devon man, since they live so far apart;

(2) Most Devon men's false teeth fit perfectly, in which case there 'd be no whistling and, of course, no conversation;

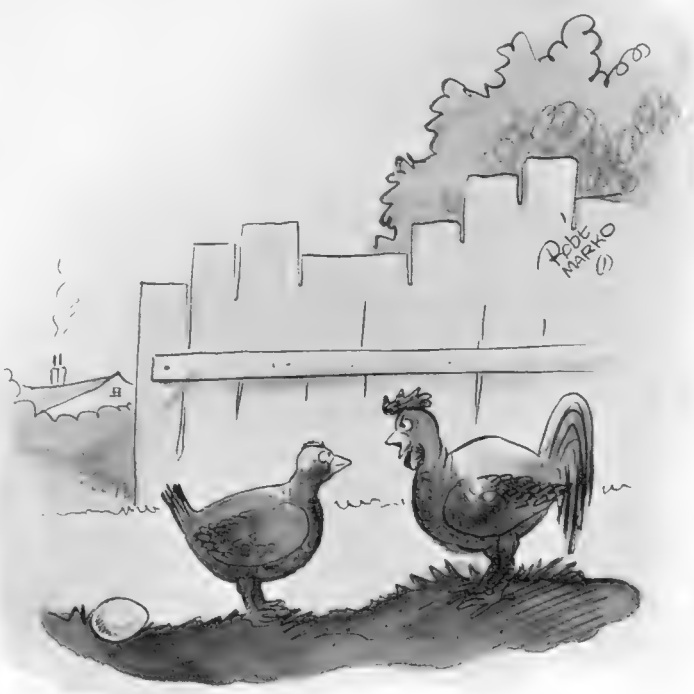
(3) What applies to the Swiss, who are foreigners, can't apply to the English, who are not.

We can't tell you how awkward we feel, having cited a situation which was absolutely non-existent (Like, now we think of it William Tell.)

Wildfowl

AMONG the more original hobbies, as opposed to hackneyed ones like philately and wife-beating, we are inclined to count that of Mr. Douglas Carruthers, explorer and naturalist, who has just published his adventures in the Arabian Desert in pursuit of the Oryx. The Oryx, it seems, is none other than our old heraldic friend and playmate the Unicorn, and we want to look at Mr. Carruthers' book some time to see what his methods of capture are. The good old-fashioned method of hunting the unicorn you may have heard about. It 's so fierce and shy a beast that it could be captured in its lair only by a maiden of unblemished chastity who preceded the hunters. On seeing the maiden the unicorn would at once quit its den, lay its head on her lap, and go to sleep till the hunters came up and despatched it. But if—which was probably a bit embarrassing for everybody—the maiden turned out surprisingly not to be chaste, as alleged by her, the unicorn simply gored her to death at once and retired trumpeting. Its single horn was white, black, and red, its body resembled that of a white horse, and its eyes were bright blue. When Mayfair was a wild green landscape sloping to the swamps and forests of Westminster, Berkeley Square was full of unicorns. Bit by bit the virgin debutantes of that remote age victoriously slew them all which seems a pity. A unicorn-hunt would relieve the boredom of many a Mayfair party nowadays, and it would be fun seeing the creature go to sleep, eh? Eh?

Did we hint that the unicorn might be embarrassing now and again? Then what about its ancient fellow-beast, the porphyrion, which would languish and die with compassion on its master's breast when it discovered that its master's wife had been unfaithful? No wonder, as some naturalist or other remarks, *that* animal 's extinct.



"Out with it—who was he?"

Visitor

RETURNING from a week-end at Le Touquet, we were surprised to read in the papers that Sir Alfred Butt had been robbed. From a valise in his hotel room, it seems, a portfolio containing £250 in English and French notes was missing when he came back from deer-hunting in the forest. The "rat d'hôtel" who relieved him of it apparently knocked off work for the day after that. He certainly didn't get as far as our own suite, where our gold-and-ruby dressing set, a Christmas present from an unknown admirer, was scattered about the place in reckless profusion.

The foreign hotel-thief and our native brand are about equally slick and skilful, people who 've been robbed a lot tell us. A man we know once caught one on the hop in his room at a British hotel-de-luxe, gently testing a suitcase lock. "What 's all this?" asked our friend ominously. The stranger said he 'd just looked in to wind the bed-room clock. "There isn't a clock," said our friend, preparing for action, "and if there was one it wouldn't be in my baggage." This surprising news seemed to strike the stranger all of a heap. He said dazedly, "*Eh?*", waggling his hands in helpless dismay, and as our friend charged he side-stepped, still helplessly, and our friend banged his head against the dressing-table and passed out. The management were very courteous and concerned, and didn't charge anything extra for liniment.

Panning Dept.

BELIEVE it or not, we went to *Peter Pan* the other afternoon, compulsorily, for

the first time for about twenty-five years. Braced by a bottle and a bird beforehand, we expected to suffer, but frankly we didn't, much. We noticed that the infants massed all over the house coughed and fidgeted and fussed as usual during the more outrageously saccharine moments, whereas the *Times* critic, near us, had his honest old eyes quite wet, and a hard-boiled film-director by our side choked back his tears with difficulty. What really did shock and upset us was that they 've cut the best stuff out of Captain Hook's part. If we remember rightly, that admirable Old Etonian pirate had a soliloquy or self-examination on Good Form just before his violent death, leading up to the agonised query: "*Is it Good Form to know you have Good Form?*" This bit of salt, in our estimation, saved the whole lump of sweetstuff from just condemnation by the thoughtful, and there, they 've gone and cut it. They could easily have sliced away great sticky lumps from off Wendy's Little Mother business, which invariably bores the infantry. They could have cut a few other messy bits, too. In fact, the whole play needs rewriting—for children this time—with Hook and his Nonconformist colleague Smee holding the stage almost entirely. Don't imagine we 're advancing this opinion carelessly. The infants were supporting us solidly, and pretty shrilly. Infants like rough stuff, we like Hook, and if critics and film-directors are going to set up a howl on being deprived of their annual good cry we suggest a special matinée for them, with Wendy sitting on their knees in turn and wiping their big, bloodshot eyes. The sentimentality of sadists makes a very curious and interesting study, don't you think?

"Intelligence has just reached us——"

"Now, don't lose your head"

Short Story

ONE of the most pathetic—we mean it—news stories we 've seen for some time was one from Warsaw the other day. In an obscure Russian town a poor old ex-colonel of the Tsarist régime, half-crazed with misery, dug out his faded uniform of the Guards, put it on, and staggered into the street. The local police commissar for some reason didn't have him shot; he merely confiscated the uniform and ordered the colonel home, and a couple of hours later the old man flung himself from a window. If that isn't a perfect Tchehov or Gorky

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 10.—The "Saturday Review"

THE *Saturday Review*,
The *Saturday Review*
Is not afraid to speak its mind
On politics, and should it find
The Premier 's slack or lags behind,
It plants a kick or two,
For with a gusto it will slate
The great who on its patience grate.

The *Saturday Review*,
The *Saturday Review*
Gives Lady Houston's push-and-go
A chance to make a sparkling show
And lets her strike a telling blow
At every big-wig who
Gives the impression he is not
A thoroughgoing patriot.

The *Saturday Review*,
The *Saturday Review*
Puts Empire first and holds no truck
With those who 'd all too gladly chuck
Our heritage into the muck
To please some foreign crew,
For here 's a paper that would hate
To see Great Britain aught but great.

B. W.

short story we 'll eat our furry Caucasian bonnet.

It 's odd, now we think of it, that more good plays like *Tovarich* haven't got themselves written round the Russian ex-nobility. We 've thought once or twice of making one out of selected and expurgated stories told us by an ex-officer of the Preobrajensky Guard we used to know in Paris. He got a living by driving American tourists in a hired car round the Loire country, and some of his adventures in the servants' hall, and out of it, were rich Rabelaisian fun. Tall, handsome, with exquisite manners and a cynical sense of humour, he was able to resist the attacks of suddenly-inflamed Mamies and Sadies with smiling equanimity. A great many exiles of his type managed to extract amusement out of disaster. The only really maudlin Russian we ever met was—what do you think ? One of those dear old-fashioned Anarchists who used to fling home-made bombs at Grand Dukes. He thought the Bolsheviks utter cads, touts, pluguglies, complete vulgarians, and persons of no breeding. Bomb-throwing had been in his family for three generations, and when he spoke of Bolshevik methods, mass-executions, and so forth, he became very bitter and ultimately wept profusely into his Pernod, which he was able to drink in fair quantities through the efforts of his wife, who worked eighteen hours a day at sewing for that purpose.

Ham

Cedric Belfrage, film critic, was probably correct in observing the other day that during 1936 one hopes and expects to see a lot less of a certain number of film stars, beginning with Crawford (Joan) and ending with MacDonald (Ramsay). Especially MacDonald (Ramsay). The truth is that this actor isn't a very good comedian. He 's what theatre people call " hammy." True, he 's never been given very good lines to speak, but in our opinion his portentous delivery and awful unction would make the wildest lines in a Marx Brothers' film sound like something out of *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. None of our political film stars, as a matter of fact, is a patch on the late Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, of whom Alexander Woollcott, the New York critic, once wrote a rapturous appreciation. Grim, poker-faced, tight-mouthed little Mr. Coolidge was irresistible on the news-reels, especially when created Honorary Chieftain of the Blackfeet Indians, with his stiff white clerkly collar and sturdy black boots peeping from his Indian robes, and his mingled expression of morose dejection and nervous apprehension. But discerning film critics loved him in all his rôles.

Whether young MacDonald (Malcolm) will take his father's place in British films isn't yet apparent, but he 's obviously cut out for light comedy in the future. A daily paper described him recently as " a sprightly, quick-changing National - Labour - Liberal - Tory - ex - Socialist." Not many jeunes premiers have such Protean talent. He 'll have to beware, nevertheless, of reproducing the paternal style too faithfully. That 's what handicapped Irving's sons.

Contretemps

Look up the Morocco-bound scrapbook in which you treasure, week by week, these exquisite writings. You 'll find we were chatting the other day about Awkward Moments, with special reference to a recent dinner speech. Since then somebody has reminded us of what must be one of the finest Awkward Moments of this century. It occurred during Anatole France's trip to the Argentine, during which his terrible secretary J. J. Brousson kept such a wicked and diverting diary. In the same boat travelled a touring company of the Comédie-Française, with two eminent and pompous tragedians. At Lisbon the Academy offered Anatole France a congratulatory luncheon, into which the leading theatre stars gate-crashed. The wine was so heavy and plentiful that when speech-time came the two eminent tragedians were under the fixed impression that the luncheon was offered in their honour. Accordingly one of them rose, struck an attitude, and solemnly, and a trifle thickly, began : " Gentlemen of the Academy of Barcelona ! In the name of the Comédie-Française I thank you for your cordial welcome ! Barcelona ! The name is graven for ever in our hearts ! " He flourished his glass and sat down amid a stupefied hush. After a pause the President of the Academy of Lisbon rose, hot and embarrassed, thanked the distinguished actor drily for his eulogy of Barcelona—" A city which, I 'm told, greatly resembles Lisbon——" and closed the proceedings. And if the assembled panjandrums didn't think that incident uproariously funny (they probably didn't) they deserved to have their noses rubbed in glue.

The Bystanders.

" I'd like to buy some sheep —for my dog "

• FILMS of the DAY

"Better Cast: Better Dead"

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

"The Bride Comes Home"

Robert Young is the proprietor of a newspaper and Claudette Colbert is as fascinating as ever as the assistant-editor and girl friend in Paramount's "The Bride Comes Home," at the Plaza

"Peter Ibbetson"

Ida Lupino and Gary Cooper seem to be discussing the crockery at the Duke of Tower's place. It is a scene from the Paramount film of George du Maurier's novel, which starts at the Carlton to-day. Ann Harding plays the Duchess

WHAT shall we talk about this week? The delectable Colbert in *The Bride Comes Home*? The picture sparkles, the subject is tempting. Or Kay Francis in *I Found Stella Parish*, sacrificing her good name for her innocent child? Well, really, we don't have to. Or Edward Arnold as the crooked lawyer with the heart of gold in *The Man Who Pawned His Soul*? Over my dead body.

Then what shall it be? Well, just suppose we give a moment's contemplation to Films to Come—those we should like to see, and those we could do without.

SINCE critics are always accused of being destructive, let me begin, on the positive side, with a few helpful suggestions to the trade. Here are some that would, I am convinced, make for Better and Brighter Film Art:

CASTING BUREAU.

Cyrano de Bergerac, adaptation by Reginald Arkell, direction by Monty Banks, starring Schnozzle Durante.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, directed by Frank Lloyd, starring Charles Laughton.

Warner Oland as "Chinese" Gordon.

Jimmy Cagney as Lord Nelson.

Gracie Allen as Lady Hamilton.

Ivor Novello as Hopalong Cassidy in *Rustlers' Roost*.

George Arliss, complete with manly side-whiskers, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

Mae West in *What Katy Did at School*.

Una Merkel as Queen Elizabeth (though Katharine Hepburn stands almost as good a chance of being funny).

Gordon Harker as Napoleon.

Sydney Howard ("This too, too solid flesh!") as Hamlet.

Charles Bickford as Scaife, the cad who simply would not play with a straight bat, in *The Hill*.

Eddie Robinson as Gladstone.

Allen Jenkins in *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

Wallace Beery in *Eric; or, Little by Little*.

Marlene Dietrich as——

BUT that's enough of that. Let us (this being a time of national trial when we should all give up something) turn to the people we can bring ourselves to do without in 1936. Here is my list. If you don't like it I don't in the least mind your drawing up one for yourself; I don't mind your writing a spiteful letter to the Editor; I really don't mind what you do as long as you don't bother me about it.

BETTER DEAD.

Heroines whose virtue is questioned by the hero, and heart-brokenly have non-stop affairs from Portland (Oregon) to Paris (France) until he comes alcoholically admitting that he has treated the best little woman God ever made like a heel, whereat she says "Skip it!", and everybody is very, very happy.

Heroes who, on being slighted by the heroine, demonstrate their masculinity by punching a hole in the office door (glass) or knocking down their best friend (sitting).

Villainous cattlemen who stand sneering down at the sheep-farmer they have murdered, reverently bare their heads as the widow heaves into sight around the corner, and go off moist-eyed at the additional discovery that a sheepman can have young.

White-haired character-men who pat the heroine on the shoulder when her mother has just died, her father has gone bankrupt, and her brother is on the way to the gallows, saying: "Don't you worry, honey—everything 's goin' to be arl right!"

White-haired character players (female) who have only to open their mouths to terrorise police and take charge of juries.

White-haired character players of both sexes who defend their murderer son on the ground that he 's just a boy, and shot the copper in clean fun, and the Judge has a son himself. And, Judge—THAT BOY IN THE DOCK IS YOUR SON!

Indian Chiefs who grunt "How!" and are called Sitting Bull.

Indian Chiefs who grunt "How!" and are called Running Bear.

Crippled boys of ten who, encouraged by a kindly grandparent, whip an able-bodied youth of sixteen.

Police chiefs who rise from their desks in lonely backwoods stations, saying curtly to twelve satellites waiting with motor-cycles, "Well, boys, let 's go!"

Anybody who says "Happy?", "So happy!", "Take a powder!", "You know all the answers!", "He 's not *quite* a sahib!", "Be British!", "Sez who!", "The grand old flag!", "Aw, nerts!", "Don't let down the school!", "You 'll take sarsparilla!", "Oi!", "Gertcher!", "Steady, the Buffs!", and "Bite on the bullet."

THAT, of course, is just a beginning, but you get the idea, don't you? And if you care to throw in smiling crooners, drunken reporters, hard-boiled editors, crooked sheriffs, English hostesses who say "Pardon my error!" and swelled-headed marines who make good by saving their rivals in reel eight—well, that 's all right with me. The only difference between us is that I can only snarl about such creatures. You can remove them from the screen. Producers are occasionally wrong; directors are often wrong; critics are always wrong. But if there is one article of faith to which the film trade the world over holds, it is that the customer is always right.

And this, sad as it seems, means you.

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Photographs by Baron

Hot Blue Notes

Larry Adler Rhapsodizes on His Mouth-organ

Wearing a gay white carnation, but looking pensively upwards, Larry Adler draws from the mouth-organ the notes of his star-piece, the "Rhapsody in Blue." Charles Cochran heard Larry in the United States and brought him over to play before London audiences in "Streamline." Since then, this twenty-one-years-old artist has become a favourite on the vaudeville stage, in cabaret, and over the air; and it's no wonder, for he can make a mouth-organ sound like several orchestras rolled into one

Above: Larry Adler still looks thoughtful as he plays some deep bass notes

Left: Larry's sensitive hands show there is more in mouth-organ playing than meets the mouth

"All 'ot, Chestnuts?"

By John Everard

French and English

Four Films that are Showing on the January Screen

"King of the Damned": Conrad Veidt and Noah Beery in a Convict Mutiny

"King of the Damned" is an English film of the melodrama of mutiny in a penal settlement which ran as a play most successfully at the Lyceum some time ago. It seems to have been somewhat watered down in its celluloid version, and Conrad Veidt makes rather an idealised leader of a gang of murderers, thieves, and villains who object to the conditions under which they "do time." Noah Beery is one of the convicts and as tough as you like. Walter Forde directed the film, and it is at the Tivoli, presumably till Mr. Chaplin's "Modern Times" arrives

"The Am... Douglas F...

Jeffery Farnol's ... was chosen by ... Douglas Fairban... is playing lead, ... cast is an excell... side is also imp... historical superv... as cameraman, a... of the film is ... of the Oxford ... and the Duke ...

Below
"Second Bureau": Vera Korene and Pierre Larquey Play Spy and Counter-Spy

Robert Lynen in "Sans Famille"

"Sans Famille" is as light-hearted a film as "Poil de Carotte" was tragic. Robert Lynen is this time a boy with no family; he's turned out of doors by his foster-parents (Claire Gerard, as his foster-mother, is with him in the photograph), falls in with a strolling singer, and adventures round the country with him. Vanni-Marcoux is the strolling player and acts and sings beautifully. Marc Allegret, who directed "Lac aux Dames," was responsible for "Sans Famille," and again produces some charming out-door effects of sunshine and light. "Sans Famille" started its run at the Academy last Thursday

Right: Vera Korene, the distinguished Comédie-Française actress, is the star of "2nd Bureau," which is now at the Curzon. It's a French spy film based on the sensational novel of last year, the Second Bureau being the headquarters of the French Secret Service, and in the film the opposite number of the German Secret Service. Vera Korene plays the spy, Erna Flieder; Jean Murat, Jean Galland, and Jeanine Crispin are in the cast, and the director is a newcomer, Pierre Billon

Tunbridge

ateur Gentleman": Norman Baines and
airbanks, Jr., as Regency Prize-Fighters

pirited prize-fighting novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," iterion Films as the inspiration of their first picture. s, Junior, director and inaugurator of the company, with Elissa Landi as his co-star. The supporting at one, and the list of collaborators on the productive essive: Clemence Dane as adaptor, James Laver as or, Thornton Freeland as director, Gunther Krampf d Edward Carrick as décor designer. The première n January 20th at the London Pavilion, in aid nd Bermondsey Clubs and the League of Mercy, d Duchess of Kent have promised to be present

Right: this is Elissa Landi's first English appearance since she went to America five years ago. Most of her film work has been done in Hollywood; she was strangely unlucky out there and never hit full success. It will be interesting to see whether an English studio allows her to fulfil the great promise of her earlier stage work here

"The Amateur Gentleman": Elissa Landi as Lady Cleone, and Basil Sydney

Tunbridge

Howard Coster

Aldous Huxley

An Intellectual Giant

Aldous Huxley published his first books in 1916 (when he was twenty-two) and 1918. After these two youthful steps, he broke into a brisk crescendo of production, and between 1920 and 1932 produced twenty books—novels, essays, short stories. Of these, let's pick "Crome Yellow," "Antic Hay," "Those Barren Leaves," "Point Counter Point" as examples of the splendour and brilliance of his nineteen-twenties, when sages, clever young men and the intelligent library members alike followed respectfully his every turn of phrase. Then suddenly, in 1932, "Brave New World" shot into the hands of the reviewers, a chromium-plated scientific satire that startled by its unexpectedness. Since then he has written one travel book and that's all. It's a pregnant pause. He seems to know almost everything, this grandson of Darwin's co-revolutionary—in the classics, science, music, art, and a hundred lesser branches of knowledge his learning is as wide as his thought is profound

"Bystander" Short Story No. 20

"People always talk to women about duty," he said. "We have no duty except to each other, my sweet"

Sketch by John Pimlott

Flight

By Pamela Frankau

I was on the terrace when they came in under the archway. I could see that they were astonished by the terrace; by the crowd of white doves pecking on red soil, spreading their feathers to the little fountain or carving sudden wing-shapes against the leaves. The trellised leaves broke the sunshine. The open door cut a dark purple cave in the yellow façade of the hotel. Beyond the terrace the valley with the vines lay in remote blue colours, as though the sun were drawing the deeper blue out of the valley towards the sky.

I had seen it all before. I find the mornings at St. Pierre alike as a pack of cards fallen face downward. They are compound of the terrace, patterned with sunshine and white pigeons, the clang from the kitchen rising at noon, the two sleepy shapes on their different stages of the step-ladder, looping up the vine-leaves strand by strand. I sat now in the shade and my table and my glass were in the sunshine, so that the edge of the shadow severed my hands at the wrists.

From my retreat of shadow I watched the newcomers prowl across the sunshine, moving as in another territory. These came from the coast. They wore the clothes of the coast, the sun-glasses blinding the eyes, the flat sandals that made their bodies roll and swagger. Nearly all the visitors to St. Pierre come from the coast; that bright margin like the band of paint which one's brush deposited at the sea's edge on a school-room map. Some day or another day they desert the coloured hem and shoot up the hill road in their sharp-nosed cars. St. Pierre crowns a peak before the mountains begin. From the road one sees the brown crust of walls lodged against the sky.

"You were right," said the man, "this is rather ambrosial." He removed his sun-glasses. It did not need his mouth's under-statement of the pleasure in his eyes to tell me that he was a person with a natural respect for words. The length of the grey hair, the forehead curving out above deep eye-sockets, the lines upon the sallow brown face, these had a literary look. In build he was too slender for his height. He moved with assurance and a half-glance about him as though to see by whom present he might be recognised.

"What will you drink?" he asked his companion. They held hands like children. She had a fair face, high cheek-boned, with an amusing square mouth and upward eyebrows. Her age might have been thirty-five. He, I thought, was fifty.

There is one table on the terrace secluded from the rest in that it is set beneath a little arch over the east wall; a kind of bay window in stone that confronts the valley. Here they perched, idly decorative in their clothes of the *plage*, discussing their drink. I did not feel like an eavesdropper.

"It is, after all, a special occasion." She gave him a smilling, secretive look.

"Champagne cocktail?"

"I don't," she said, "wish to be drunk."

"You shan't be, my sweet."

She kicked one leg and stared at her scarlet toenails between the thongs of the sandal. "All right," she said—"Champagne cocktail."

(*Continued on page* 105)

Cannons of Hollywood

Adèle Dixon

Has Just Starred In a Film Musical

Adèle Dixon's acting career has been horizontally but not vertically various—her success has consistently increased, but she's played in all sorts of mediums. She was a "Where the Rainbow Ends" Elf when she was thirteen, an R.A.D.A. scholar, toured in Shakespeare and in Egypt with the Robert Atkins Company, went to the Old Vic in 1928 and did a season or two there, moving up the star scale to lead, made a hit as Susie Dean in "The Good Companions" in 1931, and now she's in "Anything Goes," Cochran's grand musical comedy at the Palace. She has just finished a star film part in "Calling the Tune," described as a romantic history of the gramophone industry, in which her co-stars include Sir Henry Wood, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and George Robey

Flight *(Continued from page 103)*

His face became serious. "Not if you don't want it."

"I will have what you have."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

While Georges, the one waiter, came to take their order, I found myself amused and interested by these people. Their perhaps excellent minds had leisure to absorb themselves wholly in the question of a drink. Their civilised passion for one another was neither concealed nor made obvious. They sat comfortably, one on either side of the little table, their trousered legs and bare ankles and sandals visible because Georges had not laid the cloth. They lit caporal cigarettes and looked at the view, their hands still linked above the table. I could guess at their thoughts; at the value of their car outside the wall; at their life in England and their hope of marriage in the far future. Like the mornings at St. Pierre, I had seen all this before. When one is much alone, watching those who are not alone, the senses quicken. I had not been even tempted to confuse them with those who wore the same uniform, the thoughtless and moneyed mob. These were the kind who knew the value of France in other terms than casino, plage and bar; who could, nevertheless, take it on those terms for a while.

I HAVE said that I did not feel like an eavesdropper. Nor, when Georges drove the pigeons off the tables with a flutter of the white cloths, did I feel any scruples about moving my place to be near them. They had murmured for a time in low voices. Having set the champagne glasses down, emptied, they spoke more clearly.

"It is very beautiful," the man said. "Exactly as I should have wished it to be."

"Happy?" she asked him.

"Yes. At last."

"So am I."

"You don't regret anything?"

"Nothing whatever."

I leaned back within the shade. The conversation was taking a more definite turn than I had expected.

"Do you remember the very beginning?" he said idly, not looking at her.

"Don't."

"Why not? It means nothing now."

"Except that one was young," she said, making a grimace over her cigarette.

"And what did youth do for anybody—but hold out a bunch of I.O.U.s that were never paid?"

She nodded and they laughed, looking into one another's eyes.

"Listen," he said; "supposing I had never rung the bell at a London front-door on a wet night, never given my hat to the parlourmaid, never walked upstairs thinking, this will be a dull evening; I wonder what his wife is like? and never found you at the top of the staircase——"

"Well?"

"Well?"

The second monosyllable parodied the first. Again they laughed. Georges was bringing the lobster. "I know," she said, sighing a little, "I wouldn't have been without it. But I could put the clock back further still. If I had never looked at a blonde young man on the next tennis court and thought, oh, well, he is an M.P., and he will be rich."

"Yes," said the man after a time. "Yes."

"I do think that if you do the wrong thing it gets you in the end. You pay."

"Are we paying?" he asked, turning the leaves of the wine-list.

"No. But we have been fortunate."

"Oh—fortunate," he said, and all the little lines beside his eyes crinkled with laughter. She giggled in a complacent way. He tilted his chair and talked good French to Georges, ordering the wine.

"Fortunate, because it has never been difficult for either of us to reach a decision."

"Darling," he reminded her, "it has taken us seven years to reach this one."

They seemed much entertained by their allusions to the present. They broke the thread of their discussion in another burst of laughter.

More people came through the archway on to the terrace. The pigeons flew hopefully about the tables, landing in formation, circling on their small, red feet with a grumble in their throats. The woman at the next table dropped crumbs for them. One flew up with a harsh whirr to the table edge, pecked, and dived off over her head.

"I wonder where it goes?" she said, watching its flight across the valley.

"Wherever it wants. Like us."

"Seems to me I trust you a good deal, Ronald."

"You trust yourself, too."

"Not so much," she admitted, with her head on one side. Then she was quiet, not eating.

"What are you thinking about?"

"About Phil's face when he gets my letter."

"It was a beautiful letter. Nearly as good as mine to Margaret."

I WONDERED a little that they should be so much obsessed with the novelty of what they were doing. It is the custom of the celibate to sneer at emotional developments, which do, after all, follow a highly uniform pattern. There was in me a wish to dislike and envy these two; to dislike them for their supreme confidence in one another, their casual talk of the other husband and the other wife, the recipients of the letters. ("I am going away with Ronald." "I am going away with——" but he had not spoken her name.) I envied them only as I would have envied any shared adventure. No more than the inevitable wish to be a companion rather than an onlooker staled my view of them. I gave them best; while their words and laughter spiralled upon the air. They were talking of France.

"I know of no other country, that gives the same freedom," the man was saying.

"You mean that nobody spies or stares?"

For the first time I felt a little guilty. Georges had brought them the *assiette anglaise* and the salad. He did not need to re-fill their glasses; the man had filled them already.

"I mean that the French are the most tolerant, most practical, most civilised and most unemotional people on earth. I wonder who fledged the idea that they were excitable? They are stolid all through. I don't know," he said, "that I like them. I admire them; and I love their language; and I love their country. But that's all."

"If we had been French——" she began.

"Exactly. We should have been able to do as we wished in our own world and that world would have blinked at it."

"Anyway, I am glad we are not doing that."

"Are you, love?"

"Because this way is so much tidier."

He laughed again. "I like your words better than other people's words——"

"Is there anything we have forgotten?" she asked him suddenly.

"What do you mean—bills?"

"No, silly. I meant people—or anything——" She looked embarrassed. The hot sunshine had worked on her mask of brown face powder and her face shone. The cigarette that he gave her became reddened at the butt when it touched her lips.

The man leaned forward to light the cigarette, dropped the match and laid his hands on hers. Georges, bringing the coffee, was unembarrassed. He filled the cups and asked what liqueur they would drink.

"I don't know that I want a liqueur," she said.

"Better have one."

"Well, what?"

"Deux fines," he said, and she did not contradict him. Now they were silent, looking only at one another, while the striped colours of their shirts, their brown hands clutched together, and their opposing profiles made a neat picture on the sky that backed the little arch.

"WE can't have forgotten anything," he said, "because there is nothing we need remember. Except that I love you. And you love me. And our lives wouldn't run apart. And all the king's horses and all the king's men wouldn't let them run together; unless we did what we are going to do."

"Why should one feel that it is wrong?"

"One doesn't," he said, smiling at her kindly, "One was brought up to think so. Particularly you, because you are a woman. And people always talk to women about duty. We have no duty except to each other, my sweet."

Seldom had I listened to a better range of the clichés of a love-affair. I wanted to laugh at their sudden solemnity.

Georges brought the two small glasses of brandy, setting them carefully and wiping the drops that he had spilt.

"Et puis l'addition. Nous sommes pressés," the man said. When Georges had faded into the kitchen, the woman lifted her glass. The man put out a hand to arrest her.

"Wait. We are going to drink a toast, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot. Give me another cigarette."

He placed it between her lips.

They were silent until Georges had brought the bill. The man drew a note from his pocket. Then he lifted his glass.

"Wait for the change——" she said.

He looked at her comically. "Why? Oh, I see."

Georges returned, bowed his thanks for the tip, and came over to my table.

(Concluded on page iv)

Miss Rosamund Barnard

The elder of two sisters with a luxurious home in East Kent, has velvety eyes and an original voice that can never be mistaken. Her engagement to a very young Highlander was rumoured

Miss Eileen Watson

The post-deb daughter of good-looking Mrs. Stewart-Johnson has a porcelain skin and is neat to a fault — not an eyelash astray. Very grown-up, she already adores resorts

The Hon. Ursula Balfour

Has two conventionally pretty married sisters, but is quite a different type herself. Writes, acts, sings, animates Edinburgh with charming brother David, while brother Patrick reports from Addis Ababa

Lady Elizabeth Murray

Looks like a Walter Scott heroine, with blue-black hair, black brows, blue eyes, pink cheeks and a grainless skin. Could be a great beauty, but has no yearning for publicity

"Always be nice to girls; you never know who

(The late Lad

AND WHO WILL THESE

A Selection of Spinsters From Every

Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders

Is a winner as so often happens when a girl's mother's American. Honey-coloured hair. Her father once beat the then Lord Blandford in White's Golf Tournament amid cheers

Miss Martha Magrane

Left: American Martha Magrane lives mostly in London and resorts with her dreamy, poetess mother; is snappy, peppy, sunny and only so high. Wintering in the U.S.A., but we somehow think she'll marry here

Lady Lavinia Dundas

Is "Vinie" to the lads; gay and go-ahead, and not at all county, in spite of an impressive Yorkshire background. Might marry a soldier, or may want to see more Life first

Miss Leonora Corbett

Left: Leonora Corbett, who acted so cleverly in Shaw until movies claimed her every minute, is pretty in a typically English way, and more intelligent than is typical. Her front teeth are a tiny bit crooked — a relief in a screen star

Miss Marie Macrae-Smith

Is tall, near-blonde, has a courtly stepfather in Richmond ("Savoy") Temple, and a much-loved American mother. Is unusual, unfrivolous and sensible. The type that marries happily and once

Miss Joan Levett

Her father, Colonel Berkeley Levett, is a charming personality in the Duke of Connaught's entourage. She has lots of go; has acted, filmed and odd-jobbed. Knows everyone in Bohemia — wherever that may be

they will become"

Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

BECOME?

Set: No. 4

The Hon. Alicia Browne

She deserves more published homage than has come her way, because of the breeding in her beauty; the purity of bone structure. Twenty-six-year-old daughter of Lord Kilmaine and granddaughter of veteran Marquess of Ailsa

Right: Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford is twenty-one, and passionately interested in the Führer. Thinks modern Germany marvellous, and spends much time there. Looks a Valkyrie

Miss Irene Mann-Thomson

Is the youngest of four sisters. All have lovely skins. The others have husbands. Always ready to sell programmes, dress up for charity and adorn committees, she also rides and races. Devoted to her mother

The Hon. Unity Mitford

Right: Sylvia Régis de Oliveira is part of London life, from grand receptions to little sherries. We don't think of her as a diplomatic visitor. Jet eyes and flashing teeth

Lady Dorothy Lygon

Is the baby — bar one brother — of a large, tall family. Plump, like her cousin, Lady Letitice Ashley-Cooper, she enjoys country life and a good disposition

Miss Ursula Watson

The daughter of the Hon. Ronald Watson is a leader of Edinburgh's young set, which body, though so much smaller has more vitality than London's ditto. Note dimple

Right: the only child of a great story-writer, and granddaughter of Dr. Barnardo the Jewish philanthropist, is a pretty, gentle dove. Her mother entertains magnificently and a big alliance seems certain

Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira

Miss Dorothy North

Her father, Com. the Hon. Dudley North, is always news. She has a heart-shaped face — so lovely. Out late nights, she gets to a hat-shop mornings without too many grumbles. Twenty

Miss Lisa Maugham

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Wigs on the Green: By A. G. Macdonell

As a general rule, in these days of ten thousand novels a year, it is very seldom worth the trouble of complaining because a novel is lacking in artistic form. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would be just as tiresome with a beautifully modelled form as they are without any sort of shape at all. But occasionally one of them comes along which is so well written, and so full of sincerity and honest endeavour to draw characters that live and think and talk humanly, that it is well worth while to beg the author to study his technique and acquire the art of telling a story. Such a one is Mr. J. L. Hardy, and this rather patronising attitude of mine has been taken up after reading his new novel, *Never in Vain* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For it has all the makings of a thoroughly readable and even exciting book. It contains certainly three and possibly even four well-drawn and well-designed characters, and the subtle play and interplay of personality between the two central figures is really good and almost borders upon the distinguished. The hero is a little ex-officer, both of infantry and Black and Tans, with a record as a deadly fighter in a trench or in a street. He settles down with his wife to farm in Norfolk and falls in love, in a curiously intricate way, with the beautiful young lady of the Manor. I say "in a curiously intricate way" because Mr. Hardy succeeds in convincing us that the little hero is still in love with his own wife at the same time. The beautiful lady gets into terrible trouble with a blackmailer and appeals to the little fighter to rescue her. Two examples of Mr. Hardy's poor technique must suffice to show what I mean. He opens capitally with a threatening letter and the suggestion of desperate deeds, and then harks back to the hero's long and tedious courtship years ago, which simply annoys the eager reader. And, worse still, having drawn with sure craftsmanship and unerring lines the picture of a superbly efficient gun-fighter, Mr. Hardy makes his hero behave in the crisis like a frightened amateur. The great gunman would have been shot down with ease by the blackmailer if the blackmailer had not forgotten to take off the safety-catch of his gun. But when Mr. Hardy learns his art, he will be someone to reckon with.

The Passing of "The Optimist"

Sarah Dover, the famous artist's model, died last week in a Highgate hospital. She was cook and model to E. Whitney-Smith, who had immortalised her in a bust called "The Optimist," now in the Liverpool Art Gallery. George Belcher also thought of her as the perfect model; through his drawings she had made a thousand friends

Mr. Stanley Casson, scholar and archæologist, finding himself appalled at "the complacency with which large numbers of people to-day contemplate another world war, or at least a European war," has written a description of "his own war," in order to show how the life and outlook of a normal and ordinary citizen was affected by Armageddon. After a hideous experience in the Salient at Ypres, Mr. Casson was sent to Salonika and watched dispassionately the growth of that amazing sideshow, the criminal behaviour of the French, the lunacy of General Sarrail, the cruel way in which the Greeks were bullied, and all the incredible intriguings and futilities that went on in Athens. It is a strange picture of a fringe of the great insanity. Mr. Casson's book, *Steady Drummer* (Bell; 10*s.*), is, like all war-books, full of tragedy. You can feel on almost every page that the author is haunted by the thought of all those friends, scholars, poets, archæologists, philosophers, historians who did not come back to Oxford when it all was over.

Oh, Mr. Dennis Wheatley, Mr. Dennis Wheatley, whatever are you up to? What is the meaning of all this? What is biting you? This impassioned outburst of rhetorical questions is inspired by reading this popular author's *They Found Atlantis* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Wheatley has made a considerable name for himself as a writer of fast, effective, well-planned, exciting thrillers. "Wheatley for Efficiency" might almost be a slogan among readers of melodrama. His new book is a sad falling-off. It begins with pages and pages that give the impression that they have been copied out of a Dictionary of Comparative Philology. Probably they haven't, but they certainly give that impression. But all that is forgotten when we come to the entry of a magnificent crook, with accompanying bodyguard of gangsters. Here, we feel, is the authentic Wheatley. Now we're off. But are we off? No, sir. The crook vanishes and the scene is transferred by means of a bathysphere to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The imprisoned party hack their way out and find themselves in the lower mine-workings of the Lost City of Atlantis, where, after some various bickerings with fishes, they encounter an urbane citizen of Atlantis who speaks perfect English. Really, Mr. Wheatley! I mean to say. On the jacket of the book there is the announcement that he has another novel in preparation. I wish to give warning, here and now, that if it is about a beautiful American girl who visits the Moon and finds it inhabited by ladies and gentlemen who speak English with a New Orleans accent, then I, for one, refuse to play.

Mr. Harry Greenwall has collected a large number of anecdotes about the famous theatrical wig-maker and has strung them into a book which he has called *The Strange Life of Willy Clarkson* (Long; 18*s.*). It is one of those books which it is impossible to review very seriously as a biography. But as a picture of the stage life of a bygone age, it is extremely interesting. Famous personalities crowd on to every page. It was the era of the stage-door and the hansom cab and gas-lit London. The music hall was at the height of its popularity, and Bernhardt was all the cry. Incidentally, Mr. Greenwall tells at least one anecdote of Bernhardt the only point of which seems to be that she was guilty of atrociously bad manners. An interesting story, new to me, is that during the "Ripper" murders Clarkson disguised a number of detectives and medical students to act as decoys in Whitechapel. It must have been poorish fun, acting as a decoy for the "Ripper." When Mr. Greenwall gets off his anecdotes and ventures further afield, he is apt to become a little wobbly on his facts. His account, for instance, of the rise of Barney Barnato leaves out most of the essentials. But for the most part, this is a pleasant enough book, with plenty of lively reminiscence of a lively era.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Lenare

It is essential these days to travel with a minimum amount of luggage, and yet there is always the temptation to take too many clothes. The ideal five-piece ensemble, however, which will solve many dress problems, has been designed in contrasting shades of angora tweed, and may be seen in the coat and skirt department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Two views of it are shown above. The three-quarter-length swing coat, expressed in a soft shade of ginger brown, may be worn either with the simple pale-blue frock, which is easily packed, or with the coat and skirt on the right. The latter has a belted coat cut with extra fulness across the back, and there are pleats in the skirt. It is accompanied by a short-sleeved blouse in brown cashmere jersey, and is suitable for both town and country wear. There are, of course, other colour-schemes to choose from

The Trouser - Skirt And Its Alternative

Becoming as well as practical is the outfit pictured above, designed by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, for golf and other country pursuits. The suède coat is windproof, and may be had in several lovely colours, including emerald green and red. It costs 6½ guineas, and is cut with inverted pleats down the back which afford extra freedom. The trouser-skirt which accompanies it only costs 59s. 6d. It is carried out in flecked tweed and is extremely well tailored, with pleats which conceal the division. An alternative suit designed by the same firm is seen on the right. The material is a rough, hairy tweed in a soft beige. It is perfectly plain, with a short belted coat and trim skirt, with pleats either side

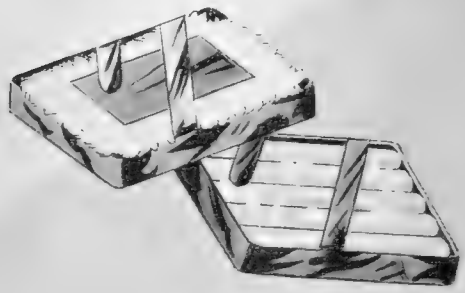
In designing their spring collection, Jaeger's have stressed the idea of interchangeable ensembles, so that the same coat and frock need not necessarily be worn together. There is a certain deliberate casualness about many of the models which is delightfully youthful and carefree. "Cinnamon toast," which is a yellowish brown, "framboise" and "grape bloom" are among the new colours that combine well with black, while pastel shades are introduced in flannel suits, as a relief from the conventional grey. Skirts are short and full, while coats can be almost any length. The majority, however, are either finger-tip or three-quarter length with swing backs, though some are plain and belted

Lenare

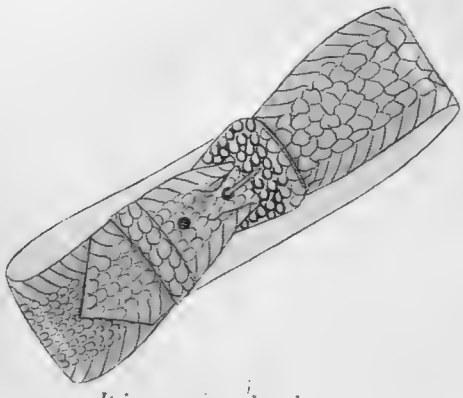
THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of novelties

discovered by peta; pictured by pam.



Transparent glass set with gilt bands is used for the cigarette- and vanity-case pictured above. The latter is fitted with a sifter and swansdown puff, while both are flat and easy to carry. They may be seen at Jay's, together with a wonderful collection of bags



It is so easy to alter the appearance of a frock by introducing new accessories, and belts particularly are always an asset. The wider they are the better. Jay's are showing the one above, which is made of snake-skin, and only costs a guinea. It is available in several colours

Here is a charming evening bag in the shape of a shell. It is embroidered all over with silver bugle beads, while diamanté in a blue setting forms a sunray pattern, as well as a rather massive clasp. The frame and chain are silver, and it may be seen at Jay's, Regent Street

A becoming way of arranging a triangular scarf is to tie it in a knot at the back and hold it down in front with a clip. In this case, both the scarf and ladybird clip come from the White House, the former being made of hand-painted velvet

There is something decidedly different about this hat from Marshall and Snelgrove. It is made of black felt with a pyramid crown and wide turned-up brim which suggests the Wild West. The idea of the braid tying under the chin is to allow the hat to be thrown back without actually taking it off

Evening shoes have never been more decorative, while stockings are nothing if not original. The latest thing is to have the toes painted to look like lacquered nails. Those sketched, together with the shoes, come from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Tyrolean accessories have come to the White House, 51, New Bond Street. The belt sketched is carried out in green felt, enlivened by coloured embroidery and square plaques. It is accom-

Mrs. John Musker

Left: Mrs. John Musker was sketched in a Chelsea Arts Ball setting; she and her husband had an overflowing box for the New Year's Eve party. They are off at the end of January for a month's American trip—to New York and Palm Beach

Right: Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham made a Ritz lunch-time picture. She was in London for her sister, Countess de Pret Roose's dance at the Savoy; they gave a large joint dinner-party before it. She spends most of her winter days hunting in Warwickshire

Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Miss Susan Bligh

Above: another Chelsea Arts beauty was Susan Bligh, who went as a sailor. She is the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh's younger daughter and a niece of Lord Darnley; her elder sister, Jasmine, has been ski-ing in Switzerland

Sir Anthony Weldon

Right: a rather worried-looking Sir Anthony Weldon was sketched at a race meeting; he's a great Turf enthusiast, but works too hard to see any but week-end racing. He is also going to America later in the month, sailing by the same boat as the John Muskers

Women's Golf

Nora Williams Has a Handicap of Eight

But she has been very successful with "Bystander" spoons. Miss Williams plays at Sherwood Forest and Coxmoor

Tied Winner for the "Bystander" Cup

Miss M. Wall, of Weston-super-Mare, tied with Mrs E. M. Rhodes (Harrogate) for the "Bystander" Yearly Challenge Cup. Full results are on page iv

Two Well-Known Midlanders at Birkdale, Lancashire

On the shooting-stick is Mrs. Simcox, the sister of Stanley Lunt, ex-English Champion. With her is Madeleine Fyshe

A Spoon, a Cup, and An Invitation

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE is good news for you, or, rather, for every low-handicap golfer who makes gallant but unavailing attempts to win BYSTANDER spoons. During 1936 one spoon will be given each month to the lowest gross score received, if that score fails to win a spoon in the ordinary way: that is to say, under handicap. There have often been summer months when my heart has bled for players of one, or scratch, or plus, who send up cards that equal, or perhaps even beat, par, yet earn no reward, because the rest of the silver division spoons are many below par. Next time that happens there will be a spoon for the best of these, ties to be won by the card returned against the higher par, or if a further tie, by the player with the higher handicap, it being obviously more meritorious for a 3 handicap to get round in par than for a scratch player. Of course, there are many months when the low handicaps win spoons anyway; they will not then be given a second spoon. Only it is good to feel that nobody need say: "It 's useless to send up; I 'm too low a handicap."

As a matter of fact, the result of the Yearly Challenge Cup, for the player of either bronze or silver division who has won the most spoons during the year, goes to prove that the long handicaps by no means have it their own way. Full results appear on page iv, but it must be pointed out, here and now, that the winner, Mrs. E. M. Rhodes, of Harrogate, has had a handicap of no more than 4 throughout the year, with which she has won five spoons on cards totalling 1 below par; that Miss Wall, of Weston-super-Mare, who tied with her, was 5 at the beginning of last year, and now 4; and that Miss N. Williams, of Sherwood Forest and Coxmoor, who was 11 twelve months ago, is now 8.

It would seem, therefore, that it is good to be a low handicap, and that 4 is the perfect figure for the business. No player, under 1935 rules, could come below 4, except on three scores returned over as many courses; the Handicap Manager could, of course, put a player on half-handicap if she believed her better than that 4, otherwise the 4 might win, and go on winning, with scores any number below par, without altering her allowance, if the scores were all done at home. Thus, Mrs. Rhodes, who had a brilliant 6 below to win a September spoon, was still on the same handicap last month, when she added her fifth spoon to tie with, and beat, Miss Wall, who had finished November one spoon ahead of anybody. Miss N. Williams was another who gallantly added a fifth in December, and somehow special congratulations and condolences seem due to her, because, last year, too, she tied for the Cup—that time with four spoons, and again lost it on the tie scores. Third time is proverbially lucky; other players should beware of Miss Williams in 1936.

Mrs. Rhodes has really done brilliantly, for she has had three gross scores in the seventies—78 last January, 76 in June, and 72 in September. Par at Harrogate is 74, and nobody who knows Starbeck soil can call 78 in winter there anything but outstanding. Mrs. Rhodes has some brilliant performances to her credit in the Yorkshire team, notably against Mrs. Soulby at Hallamshire, when the Yorkshire player was out in 30 and five under fours, when she finished her match 6 and 5. Whereupon she and Mrs. Soulby said something to each other about partnership in BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, 1936, and the rest of both teams began looking round for partners equal to supporting them against a couple so full of possibilities.

THIS is the time of year when thoughts turn abroad, and Miss Doris Chambers, who is to captain Great Britain against U.S.A. on May 6th at Gleneagles, is at Lenzerheide, enjoying sun and skis. Those who want the one without the other had better write to the Secretary of the West Indies Committee, 14, Trinity Square, E.C.3. (or ring him up, Royal 1188), for the full particulars, of which he has been sending me an outline, about golf at Constant Springs, Jamaica. It all really sounds too good to be true, but when an invitation is issued by the Government Tourist Trade Development Board, in co-operation with the Golf Association of Jamaica, there can be no doubt of its bona fides. The long and the short of it is that these two bodies invite as their guests prominent golfers from the United Kingdom, Canada, and U.S.A., both men and women, to compete in a mighty open meeting, separately and together, which is to start at Constant Springs, Jamaica, on February 22nd or 24th (that according to when the boats arrive). The Constant Springs Hotel is reputed to be of first class and that is where players will be given hospitality. Whether such hospitality infringes any amateur status I do not pretend to know; perhaps it would be as well for those who intend accepting it to make enquiries first of the L.G.U., especially as that body has just appointed an Amateur Status Advisory Committee to deal with that sort of query. Jamaica is reached easily enough from Tilbury by boats in the banana-carrying trade, and those who know say that they are delightfully comfortable for the dozen or so passengers who make up their complement, and that the charge is extremely small. At least one player who has represented her county has already booked her passage on one. Truly the present-day golfer has much done for her enjoyment, and all those in search of fresh golf should look into this invitation at once.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Young Irish Hopeful

Michael Cosgrave, the Irish Free State ex-President's younger son, was elected Master at the children's meet of the South County Dublin Harriers; he has already collected a shelf of trophies for riding and jumping. With him is Miss Sheela Mayers, who is well known in Ireland as a point-to-point rider and show jumper

Yorkshire: the Bramham Meet at

Lord Bingley and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles were ham's after-the-ball meet in a rare morning's sunshine. Lord of the Bramham this season, with Mrs. R. Nickols; he lives Spa. Mrs. Lascelles' husband was Lord Harewood's

Mrs. Walter Elliot

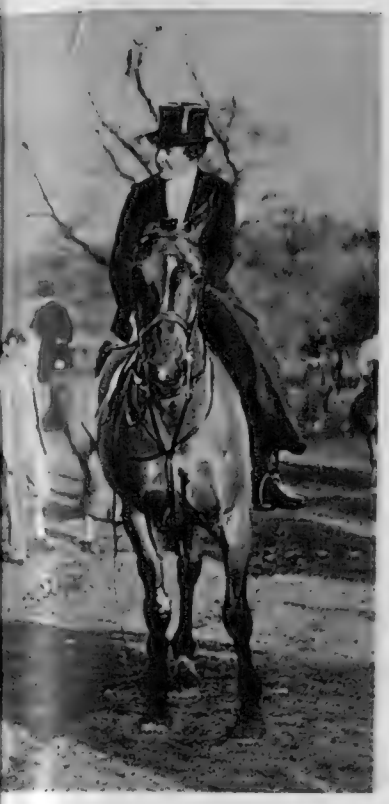
Was hostess to the Liddesdale when they met at Langburnshiels, her husband's farm near Hawick. Mrs. Elliot married the Minister of Agriculture in 1934, and is an aunt of Lord Glenconner

Mrs. George Holmden

Right: Mrs. George Holmden was still Ruth Runciman when she was photographed at the Percy meet at her father's home, Doxford Hall. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman, and married Sir Osborn and Lady Holmden's only son last Wednesday

Scottish Infantry

Miss Helena Perrott motored over with Lord Lauderdale to the Buccleuch meet at Eildon Hall. She is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Perrott, and sister of Lady Forrester; her home country is Somerset, where she hunts regularly



Stockeld Park

photographed at the Bram- Bingley became Joint - Master at Bramham Park, Boston brother, and died last year

Fog for the Quorn

Miss Ulrica Thynne, who is engaged to G. A. Murray Smith, and Lord Manton were out with the Quorn when they met in a thick fog at South Croxton

Rain for the Cottesmore

Lady Brecknock and Major Stirling had a good joke, obviously. And that in spite of the duck's weather the Cottesmore had for their Stapleford Park meet

Home Winter Sport

Cavalry and Infantry at Last Week's Meets

Young - Marrieds' Greeting

Captain and Mrs. Teddy Brook talked to the anonymous gentleman on the left at the Cottesmore meet at Stapleford Park, Col. John Gretton's place at Melton Mowbray. Mrs. Brook was Molly Gretton before her marriage in 1933; her husband is Extra Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester

Lord Burghley Hunts His Own Pack

Lord Burghley hunts his own pack this season, over parts of the Fitzwilliam, Cottesmore and Belvoir countries. This meet was an after-the-ball one at Burghley House, near Stamford. Talking to the Master is Mrs. Jack Coats (Betsan Horlick that was)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Spectators at Golf Competitions

The Herts County Alliance 18-holes better-ball competition was finished last Thursday. Here are H. Hawley and F. Buxton, of South Herts, at the first tee

H. C. Fabian (hon. secretary and treasurer to the Alliance) and B. Biglen (Bushey Hall) were at the Herts Alliance meeting. It was won by A. J. Whitmore and W. J. Richardson, of Brookman's Park

H. M. Eastwood and J. Braund (East Herts) took part in the Herts Alliance match. Despite heavy rain, forty-eight couples made good scoring

THERE is little doubt that in the near future something must be done to check interference by spectators with play in championships and important golf tournaments. Every year we hear and see that holes have been won or lost by a ball striking spectators and by the inconsiderate conduct of a spectator or spectators. I saw many cases last year of the conduct of spectators affecting to a considerable extent the play in various matches. When playing Lawson Little in the Amateur Championship at St. Annes last year George Henriques, at the seventh hole, hit a spectator with a low brassie shot; this person was too close in to the course on the left, talking to his friends and not watching the play; consequently, when he heard the shout of "Fore!" he had not time to get out of the way of the ball. If he had watched the shot struck he would have had ample time, even if he was a slow mover, to avoid being hit. Henriques possesses a temperament that is easily upset by an incident of this nature, and after his bad start it was clearly evident that this occurrence destroyed completely any chance he ever had of extending his opponent. It had obviously such an effect on his play that Little asked one of the spectators to find out if the man struck was hurt badly as he said he was sure Henriques would not play well until he knew for certain that the man was not seriously injured.

IN the Irish Open Championship at Portrush, when Sean (I know a little Irish) Burke was playing the ninth hole against Hector Thomson, an incident occurred which had a considerable bearing on the final result.

Thomson played a bad second shot to this hole, which finished on a bank to the left of the green, and Burke was on the green in two. Thomson did not play a good chip shot, and then Burke putted up to about 2 feet from the hole; Thomson then holed his putt of 6 yards; whereupon nearly all the spectators, who had been sitting round the green, got up and proceeded to the next tee; Burke putted carelessly, with the crowd on the move, and missed and consequently lost a hole which he had appeared certain to win. (A heart-breaking experience against any player, and particularly so against a player as good as Thomson.)

I do not think it is generally known what a difference to the playing conditions of a course the continual tramping of hundreds of people makes. This tramping makes the course considerably faster and consequently tee shots finish very much further than in normal circumstances.

The second hole on the old course at Sunningdale is a good example. After a competition attended by large crowds, a man who usually drives to the road finds his tee shot finishes about 70 to 100 yards over it; but these conditions only last about a week, and, strange to say, cannot be produced by the use of a roller, but only by the tramping of feet.

Large galleries also give an unfair advantage to the players whom they are following. On a windy day, let us suppose, Jones (not Bobby) and Smith (and Horton) are playing the tenth hole at Hoylake, accompanied solely by two caddies and one marker. They reach the green, which is high and consequently exposed to the elements and very keen, and find that they have to borrow several inches on a flat putt of 5 feet to allow for the deflection of the ball by the wind. A few minutes afterwards Jones (Bobby) reaches the same green, accompanied by thousands, who surround the green and consequently allow him to putt in a peaceful calm, in which no allowance for deflection by wind is necessary.

Players accompanied by large galleries also cannot lose a ball, and if they do play a wild shot often see it bounce on to the green or to a good lie instead of into a hazard or long grass, if the latter has not been trampled flat by the feet of various galleries.

OLD FORESTERS, for whom G. O. Dunsmore used to play in the Halford Hewitt, and many others besides those who play for their schools at Deal, will be interested to hear that he has lately won the Argentine Amateur Golf Championship.

Since leaving this country to take up a business appointment at Buenos Aires a little over a year ago Dunsmore has been most successful in club competitions, and it was these successes and the great improvement in his play that encouraged him to enter for a championship that is far from easy to win.

Good golfers who are well known in the British Isles who have won the Argentine Championship in the last ten years include J. I. Cruickshank, who is now a professional, and H. Wesley Smith.

In 1925 Scotland found difficulty in collecting a team to play England at Westward Ho! prior to the Amateur Championship, and when Cruickshank was asked to play a practice round with Robert Harris he knew he was being tried for Scotland. Unfortunately, this fact made him so nervous that he played very badly, and naturally was not selected to play in the International match. Nevertheless, on his return home he again won the Argentine Amateur Championship, and shortly afterwards turned professional; since then he has been very near the winner of the Argentine Open Championship on more than one occasion.

A Wintry View of the Club-house

Golf Clubs at Home

The Knebworth Club, Herts

(1) T. E. Dobinson, R. H. Holmes, and H. F. Hargreaves (director and committee member). (2) W. P. Ebbels (green committee member), J. G. Dickie (director and secretary), Lord Brocket (captain), and Fred Herd (professional). (3) G. Ballingall, N. C. Robertson, and F. J. de Vine. (4) H. S. Dearden and Sq.-Ldr. S. Nixon. (5) E. A. Mallett and W. H. Marquis. (6) C. E. Wilkinson and C. H. Smith (director and ex-captain)

Pink Coats Dance . . .

News From the Hunt Balls

The New Forest Riders

At Cuffnells, Lyndhurst, these New Forest Riders celebrate the season. At the back are Miss Carden, Mr. Chris Urwick, Miss "Rogue" Lane and Mr. Branfoot; in the front are Miss Myrtle Lane, Mr. Stanley Bilborough, Miss Marsh and Mr. Elliott

The Old Berkshire

Miss Mary Harding leans against the cold bricks of the Shrivenham Memorial Hall; Captain Hugh Ford and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Harding, are with her. The Hardings are nieces of R. C. Dawson, the trainer

Right: Col. the Hon. E. F. Lawson (General Manager of the "Daily Telegraph"), on the left, lent his home at Beaconsfield for this Hunt Ball. With him are Mrs. Drabble, Capt. Judd, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. Drabble, Mrs. Bury, Capt. Bury and Mrs. Judd

County Down Staghounds

Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Gipsy Lawrence, Captain Kirkpatrick, Mrs. John Latta and Mr. Sholto Cooke share a sofa at the Castle, Castlewellan

Ward Union Staghounds

Wearing the hunt buttons is Mr. Cyril MacCormack, son of the famous tenor. He is dancing at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, with Miss Ann Gregory, granddaughter of Lady Gregory, the playwright

The West Somerset

Miss Susan Vernon and Mr. J. Thynne are at the West Somerset Hunt Ball, at the County Hotel, Taunton. Mr. Thynne is a cousin of Miss Ulrica Thynne

Swaebe

The Old Berkeley

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

From Twickenham to Swansea

The Historic International at Twickenham

Public Schools at the Old Deer Park

Above: Corner, the All Blacks' scrum-half, gets the ball out, with his eye on the fly in an exemplary way. Seventy thousand people watched England defeat New Zealand for the first time in this country

Right: Rosslyn Park and London Irish fight for possession in a line-out at the Public Schools match at Richmond. The Irish are colours

WELL, the All Blacks have gone, and I must admit that I am rather sorry for it. They were a pleasant side, and a stimulus to our football. And what memories they leave behind them! We have to thank them for two international matches at least which we shall never forget.

That game at Cardiff was in a class by itself, for it rose to a pitch of intensity, by the very closeness of the scoring and the changing of the lead, to which the England match never attained. England were too good. They hammered home their destructive blows with such control and confidence that we had no fear of the result to keep us on tenterhooks.

The Twickenham match, indeed, was exciting for the odd reason that here, for the first time in years, was an England team playing sound, intelligent, constructive and constantly aggressive football. Watching it, with some incredulity, I began to fancy myself back in the Wakefield era, when England played with just such powerful cohesion.

WHAT particularly struck me was the way England had anticipated the peculiar problems of the game. They played as if they knew all the New Zealand tricks; as if they were actually thinking a move ahead of their clever opponents all the time. To find an England team showing signs of thought was in itself refreshing, and I cannot help feeling that much credit for this must go to the English selectors, who surely got the side together on the Friday, and talked over tactics. Admittedly it was not particularly difficult to foresee how the New Zealand attack would develop. That midfield hammering with the short pass has become familiar to us this winter. It was encouraging, though, to find that England had so effective an answer to it. Not once did New Zealand break through the centre, and no praise can be too high for the tackling and the vigilance of the England back-row forwards and midfield players.

To checkmate New Zealand was the aim, but it might so easily have developed into stalemate, with England as powerless to score as her opponents. But the football sense and combination which produced three tries and a dropped goal made us think that perhaps Rugby football is not so stagnant after all.

New Zealand may not have been a great scoring side, and that becomes evident when we consider that they only scored 431 points against the 180 scored by their various opponents. The 1905 All Blacks scored 868 against 47, and the 1924 All Blacks 721 against 112, and those figures are significant. I do maintain, though, that the players who have just left us had an uncommonly strong defence, and at full strength were hard to score against.

ENGLAND'S performance, therefore, was a surprisingly good one, and if Obolensky was the man of the match, we must not forget the part played by Peter Cranmer, and the solid backing of the team as a whole. If it is probable that no other contemporary wing three-quarter could have scored Obolensky's tries, it is also probable that no other English centre could have broken twice through the New Zealand centre as Cranmer did to pave the way for tries. And Cranmer's tackling was tremendous, and his dropped goal a beauty, and, to my mind, he at least shares the honours with Obolensky.

What a player this Obolensky is, though! Shall we ever forget that first swinging run of his, and poor Gilbert, so sure of his tackle, clutching feebly at the empty air? And that second inspired diagonal dash, when Obolensky scored on Sever's wing, a swoop into the unorthodox which showed the real footballer. It is the use of exceptional speed, not its mere possession, which betokens the great player.

NOW we are wondering what will happen next Saturday at Swansea, when England and Wales meet in the first match of the domestic international season. Very interesting it promises to be, for both teams took thirteen points off New Zealand, and both have grand players behind the scrummage. I rather think that we may draw a line upon the probable result through the fact that New Zealand could not score against England, whereas they took twelve points off Wales. This does not represent poor defence outside the scrummage so much as the difference in forward standards. England kept the ball from New Zealand far more than Wales did, and that is an important factor. Wales will have a job to deal with this English pack, which is first and foremost a solid machine. Thirty-four stone in the second row—I keep harping on that, but it is a significant indication of the way the England selectors are thinking. Shove and weight first, and hooking afterwards as a necessary evil, that is the way of it, and a very excellent way, too.

There is about the England team a massiveness which is impressive, and if Wooller and Cliff Jones are more dangerous attacking players than any New Zealand possessed, then England can point to Cranmer and Obolensky and make the same claim.

This should, at any rate, be one of the finest international matches for years. And I repeat—there is quite obviously not a great deal wrong this season with Rugby football.

The Air's the Thing, At Home and Abroad

By Charles Ward

Flying Records

THE seventh year at Heston has seen the eclipse of all previous records. Thirty-four thousand landings and take-offs were recorded during the twelve-hour control period each day, and nearly 18,000 passengers passed through the gate as travellers by the regular air services. Jersey Airways alone carried 8668 people between London and St. Helier, using the Rapide and the D.H. Express. The landing area at Heston has been very much enlarged and will eventually provide runways of more than 1000 yards in every direction. The Lorenz blind-landing system is being installed so that 'planes can be brought in safely during fog. Air Service Training at Hamble has also had a record year, with 12,298 hours' flying — equivalent to approximately one million miles in the air. Twenty-three different nationalities were represented amongst civilian pilots trained during 1935 and the School fleet now comprises thirty-seven aircraft, ranging from the open two-seater Avian to the 1500-horse-power "Calcutta" flying-boat for training Imperial Airways' pilots.

Notes from the Tarmac

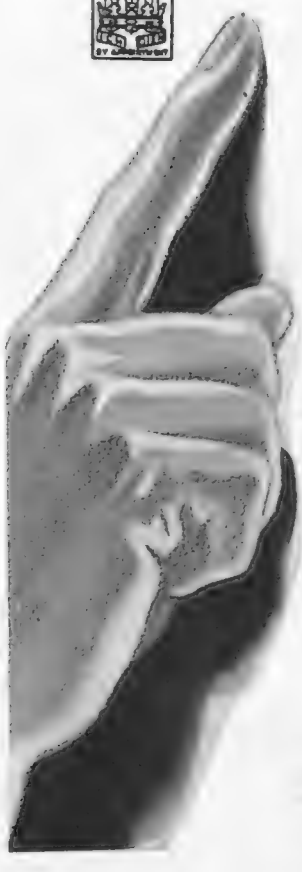
THE Reading Aero Club, with a reputation to maintain for original parties, is organising a film dance for February 8th. Six "sets" are being prepared in one of the hangars and on the invitations will be given the names of films to be "shot." Members and guests are asked to dress as characters from *Alice in Wonderland, Duck Soup, Circus Life*, any of Walt Disney's cartoons or the pirate scene from *Peter Pan*. The camera-men are going to have some fun sorting out the casts. The main idea is to give everyone a chance to do something that most people seem to want—to see themselves on the screen. In our issue of the 1st of the year, the photograph taken on Southampton Airport at night showed a D.H. "Express" and a Spartan "Cruiser," the latter being erroneously described as an Airspeed "Envoy." Flight Lieut. Colman, who is chief test pilot for Airspeed, made a number of demonstration landings on that particular occasion.

On the tarmac at Heston: Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury with Captain Davy, who is Chief Instructor at the School

After Seventeen Years

ON Christmas Day, 1918, the first link in the chain of an Atlantic air service was forged at Toulouse, when a group of Frenchmen connected that city with Barcelona. It was the first sector in the route which now extends from London across France and Spain to Morocco, Senegal, and then across the South Atlantic to Rio, Buenos Aires, and Santiago in Chile. The regular weekly Air France service from London and Paris to South America was started at the end of the first week in this month. About sixty experimental crossings have been made with flying boats and land

(*Continued on page* ii)



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MORRIS TWELVE-FOUR (*Tax £9*)

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Coupé - - - - -	£220

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Saloon (*Fixed Head*) - -	£250
Saloon (*Sliding Head*) - -	£265
Coupé - - - - -	£335

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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

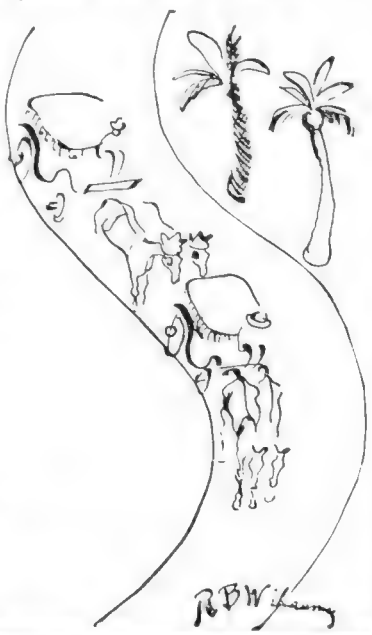
THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

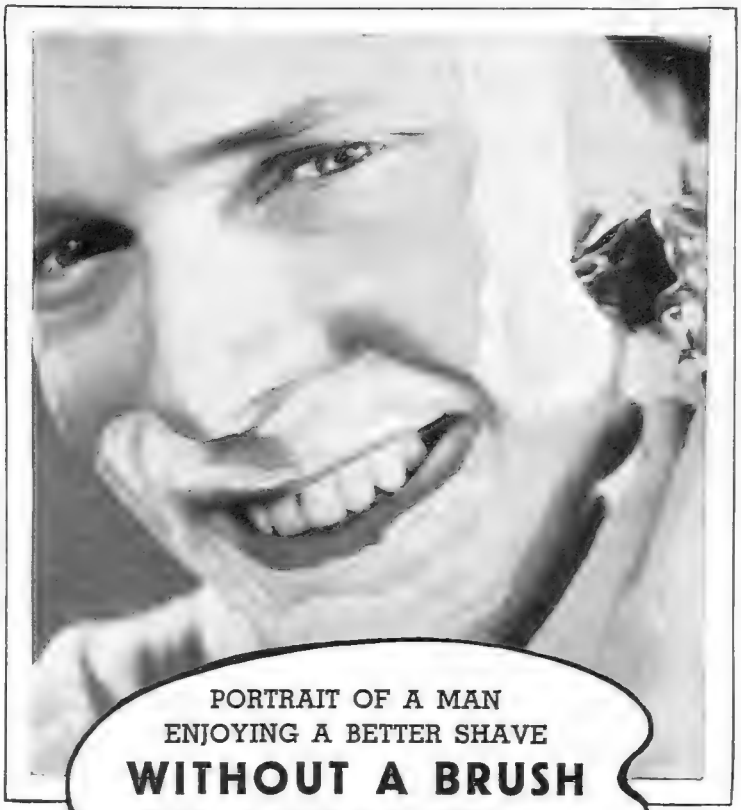
Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.
HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.



Monte Carlo



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Air Progress Everywhere

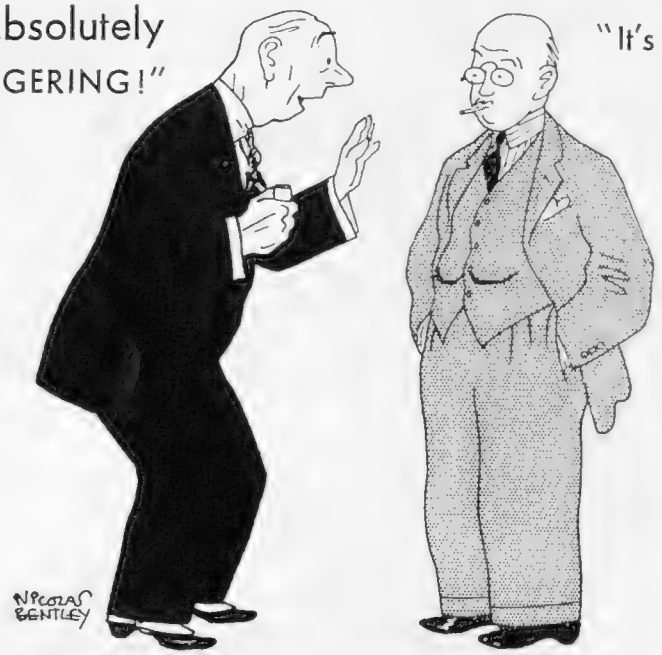
(*Continued from page 120*)

'planes, and with these must be associated the name of Jean Mermoz, a young commander of the French air mail service, who has been an inspiration to the rest of the personnel. In May 1930, he made the flight in a single-engined flying-boat, and on the return journey had to make a forced landing in the Atlantic, about 100 miles from the African coast. One of the French despatch boats rescued the pilot and his crew. Since that time, he has made fifteen journeys across the ocean as pilot of different types of experimental aircraft. The mail service is but a prelude to an organised route for passengers, and being a fair-weather line, it may well become an alternative route to the States in winter. The late Sq.-Ldr. Bert Hinkler flew home from New York, via Brazil and West Africa, and several passengers have made the journey unofficially during the past two years.

In the café at Heston: Colonel Wenninger, the German Air Attaché, on the left, with Mrs. Charles Grey, Mr. R. M. Alcock, who is the Airport Superintendent, Mrs. Wenninger, Mr. Charles Grey, editor of our aeronautical contemporary, "The Aeroplane," and the two sons of the German Air Attaché

Personalities

LORD LONDONDERRY, our most recent ex-Secretary of State for Air, is not allowing his interest in flying to lapse since retiring from Adastral House. Already owner of the Ards Airport at Belfast, he has decided to take over its entire management from Airwork, who looked after it on his behalf until the end of last year. There will be no change in staff, and plans are being made to form a local flying club to take the place of the Airwork School, which has operated so successfully for the last sixteen months. There is to be fresh activity at Ford Aerodrome in Sussex, where Sir Alan Cobham has made his headquarters since giving up the rôle of chief air propagandist, which he has filled with such distinction for many years. At Ford, his experiments with refuelling in the air will be continued. The aerodrome is conveniently near Portsmouth, and the factory of Airspeed, Ltd., of which Sir Alan Cobham is a director. It was an Airspeed "Courier" that was used on the attempted flight to India non-stop, with Wing-Commander Helmore as co-pilot. The Caterpillar Club received a new member at the very end of last year, when Mr. Alec Henshaw jumped from his aeroplane over Lincolnshire. The cause was one of those rare cases of fire in the air, and it was fortunate that the pilot could get out quite easily and remarkable that he should be wearing a parachute. In these days, when the life-belt of the air can be fitted so inconspicuously as part of the upholstery of a seat, it is surprising that every 'plane is not so equipped.



The man who is "literally staggered" twice before breakfast is apt to run clean out of words when superlatives really are needed. That is why we leave you to use the superlatives after you have proved for yourself that "BP" Ethyl cures pinking; we content ourselves with saying—

"BP" ETHYL is good

— it **B**anishes **P**inking **E**ntirely

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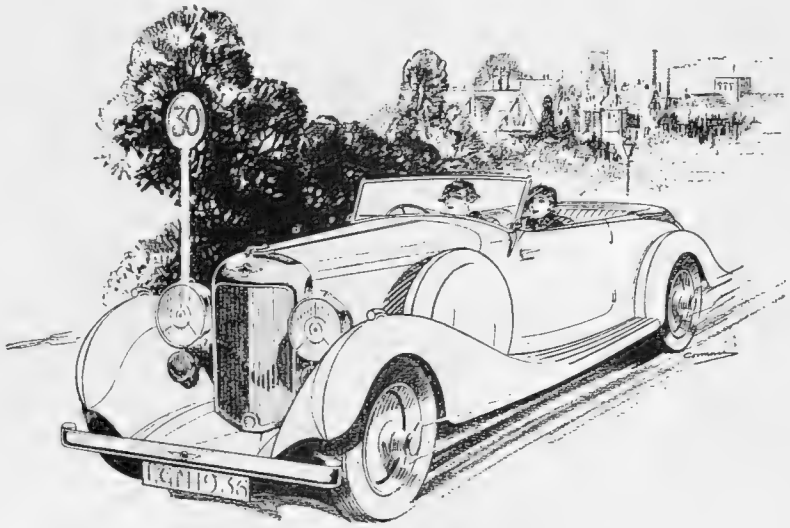
Quality to-day is dearly purchased, but gives a satisfaction far beyond price. Probably the fastest . . . certainly the safest car at high speeds. The new 4½-litre LAGONDA, re-designed by Mr. W. O. Bentley, achieves the perfect blending of such refinements as silence, real comfort and ample accommodation for four passengers and luggage, with speed capabilities and road behaviour afforded by no other car in the same price category. Beautiful and distinguished in appearance, the new LAGONDA particularly appeals to those who are accustomed to a high calibre British car.



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What's On

(Continued from page A)

CONCERTS (Continued)

Recitals

MURRAY LAMBERT.—A varied programme on the violin (Bach to Delius) with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 8.30.

FRIEDA HEMPEL.—A Jenny Lind costume recital of songs of the great Diva: Queen's Hall, Mon., 8.30.

PAUL ROBESON.—the coloured singer in a recital with Lawrence Brown and Simon Barber: Albert Hall, Sun., 3.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Borrah Minevitch and his mouth-organ boys are first-class, and so funny; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—LES GIRLS dance and sing, Diana Ward croons, and the Caligary Brothers indescribably perform, but this is their last week here; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11.0, and then the Crackajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

THE BYSTANDER
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Modern Aids to Beauty

"Paris"—A Perfume for the South

NOTHING adds more to a woman's charm and personality than perfume, but it must be the right perfume, and one that is in harmony, not only with the wearer, but with her surroundings. All this may sound rather trite and obvious, but there still remain a few misguided people who persist in thinking that one perfume will do for every occasion, regardless of when or where it is to be used. At this time of year, there is a general exodus to the West Indies, Florida, and other southern resorts, where the climate is hot and the air laden with an infinite variety of floral scents. Such places call for a perfume that is essentially light and gay, as anything heavy or cloying would be bound to strike a jarring note. Ideally suited is "Paris," one of Coty's many exquisite perfumes. True to its name, it possesses all the glamour and joie de vivre of the Continent, combined with a warm yet sparkling fragrance which accentuates the individuality of the wearer. A few drops behind the ears, on the temples, and inside the wrists is quite sufficient for the evening, while even less is required by day.

How to Suntan Without Burning

EQUALLY vital is the care of the complexion, as too much sun tends to overdry the skin, thereby inducing small lines and crow's-feet to appear. For this, Coty have created a new sunburn lotion, which, incidentally, is a perfect powder base. A thick layer applied evenly will help to produce an even tanning of the skin, while acting as a filter or screen for those sun-rays which cause blistering and burning. Needless to say, only a thin film should be applied when used as a powder foundation, but it is wonderfully soothing in its effects. It is available in two shades, white and sun-tan, and only costs 2s. 6d. Last, but not least, there is Coty's Eau de Cologne, without which no dressing-case is complete. Not only is it delightfully cooling and refreshing, but a few drops sprinkled on a handkerchief and inhaled will instantly relieve fatigue. In the same way, tired feet bathed in it are prevented from swelling, while for the bath or as a body friction it is unsurpassed.

Dover Street Studios

Among the many delightful perfumes created by Coty, 2, New Bond Street, "Paris" stands out as being the ideal scent for the South. It was originally dedicated to the gay, colourful type of artistic temperament, and has met with success ever since. A series of toilet preparations, each one endowed with the same delicate fragrance, accompany it

Flight *(Continued from page 105)*

I asked for coffee. When I looked again at the couple, they had lifted their glasses.

"Bon voyage!" said the woman.

"Bon voyage!" said the man.

They drained their glasses at a gulp. Then his left hand held hers upon the table. They looked at one another for a full minute, smiling, their eyes narrowed against the sun.

The man put his right hand in his pocket. She sat perfectly still....

After the shot I saw her fair head loll easily upon her shoulder, while the screaming noise from the other tables came up like a gust of wind. I did not rise from my table. My ears rang again from the second shot. He tilted sideways; the pigeons, affrighted, were soaring out over the wall and across the valley.

THE END.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

December Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Medrington ..	Birkdale	82	10	72	76	4 below
Mrs. C. P. Leonard ..	Calcutta (New) ..	87	18	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. K. Woolford ..	Calcutta (New) ..	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Miss J. Southam ..	Walmer and Kingsdown	79	4	75	74	1 above
Miss Nan Hunt ..	Hillside	81	6	75	74	1 ,,
Miss M. Fenwick ..	Sherwood Forest ..	93	16	77	76	1 ,,
Mrs. M. N. MacLeod .	Stoneham	81	4	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. H. L. Flint ..	Sherwood Forest ..	86	8	78	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Cooke	Shirley Park	91	14	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. E. M. Rhodes ..	Harrogate	81	4	77	74	3 ,,
Mrs. D. L. Thorougood	Hillside	93	16	77	74	3 ,,
Miss N. Williams ..	Sherwood Forest ..	89	8	81	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Briggs	West Bradford.. ..	89	10	79	71	8 ,,
Miss L. Lishman ..	West Bradford.. ..	95	16	79	71	8 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. K. Woolford ..	Calcutta (New) ..	89	19	70	73	3 below
Mrs. E. E. Stacey ..	Tollygunge	94	21	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. Cheney	Kingsthorpe	110	28	82	74	8 above

"BYSTANDER" YEARLY CHALLENGE CUP FOR WINNERS IN THE MONTHLY SPOON COMPETITION.

A yearly Challenge Cup and Memento is awarded to the player winning the greatest number of spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in. In the event of a tie, the Cup goes to the player having the best total on the scores with which she won spoons; if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

RESULTS FOR 1935.

Mrs. E. M. Rhodes (Harrogate) wins with 5 spoons, after a tie with Miss M. Wall (Weston-super-Mare) and Miss N. Williams (Coxmoor and Sherwood Forest).

Scores: Mrs. Rhodes, January, all square; February, 4 above; June, 2 below; September, 6 below; December, 3 above—total, 1 below. Miss M. Wall, January, 2 above; February, 3 above; March, 2 below; April, 2 above; November, 2 below—total, 3 above. Miss N. Williams, January, all square; February, 3 above; May, 2 below; June, 2 below; December, 5 above—total, 4 above.

Miss Mary Mulcaster, of Crewe, and Miss N. Macgillicuddy, of North Hants, each won 4 spoons; Miss K. Bentley, Miss N. Hunt, Mrs. A. Musgrave, Miss S. Stroyan, and Mrs. C. Sutcliffe, each won 3 spoons.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 15—January 21

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—This is a nice entertaining comedy, well acted; Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy are hero and heroine; Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake contribute amusingly: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD III.—Lilian Bayliss presents William Devlin as Gloucester, Ion Swinley as Edward IV., Helen Haye as Margaret, and Esmé Beringer as the Duchess of York: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production and his Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet, Laurence Olivier's Mercutio, Edith Evans's Nurse are all unforgettable; perfect Shakespeare: New, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Comprehensive title for an evening of Coward plays; the author and Gertrude Lawrence take part in all of them: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall, and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine. Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine. Leslie French as hero: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 70.—Joan Miller's cameo character-studies and Erikson's card manipulations are new; Eric Barker, Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, are among the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

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SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; Naunton Wayne and Hugh E. Wright are compère and the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Thrice daily, comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 2.30, 6.15 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 2.30, 6.15 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun: Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30.

Holiday Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Bigger and better than ever—it always is: Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

BLUE BELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Lorna Hubbard in Seymour Hicks's musical dream-play: Scala, 2.30.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—Alma Taylor and Frank Freeman are in it: Garrick, 2 and 5.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

PETER PAN.—Nova Pilbeam as Peter, Violet Loxley as Wendy, Carol Goodner as Mrs. Darling, George Hayes as Hook: Palladium, matinées, 2.15.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville. 2.30 and 8.30.

First Night

FOLLOW THE SUN.—From Manchester comes Charles Cochran's 1936 Revue, complete with Young Ladies and the usual good things: Adelphi, Friday, January 24th.

CINEMAS

THE BRIDE COMES HOME.—Claudette Colbert and Fred Macmurray in an amusing new comedy. Friday and after, Dumas' THREE MUSKETEERS, with Walter Abel, Margot Grahame and Heather Angel: Plaza.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews as a stage-struck modiste and Sonnie Hale with laryngitis develop a laughable plot together: Dominion and New Victoria.

FOREIGN AFFAIRES.—Another Walls-Lynn-Hare team-up in a new farce by Ben Travers: Capitol.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—See this: Clair has made an extra entertaining film of it; Robert Donat is the Scottish hero: Leicester Square.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who foils a gang of financial sharks: New Gallery.

I GIVE MY HEART.—Is the screen version of *The Dubarry*; Hungarian Gitta Alpar and Owen Nares are in it: Regal (from Friday).

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Conrad Veidt as chief rebel convict of this penal settlement thriller: Helen Vinson's the only girl: Tivoli.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.—Charles Laughton and Clark Gable are in this brilliant cruel sea film of Captain Bligh and his mutineers: Empire.

PETER IBBETSON.—George du Maurier's story becomes a film, with Gary Cooper and Ann Harding as hero and heroine; also Ida Lupino: Carlton.

SANS FAMILLE.—Robert (*Poil de Carotte*) Lynen is the young adventurer of this attractive film: Academy.

2ND BUREAU.—A French spy-film, with Vera Korene and Jean Murat as stars: Curzon.

SPLENDOUR.—Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea top the bill in this picture: London Pavilion.

THE TUNNEL.—The under-the-Atlantic thriller, with Leslie Banks, Richard Dix, and Madge Evans, is showing again: Marble Arch Pavilion.

WALT DISNEY.—A new programme of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies: Tatler.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE BARTERED BRIDE: to-night, 8.

LA BOHÈME: Thurs., 8.

BORIS GODUNOV: Fri., 7.45.

MADAM BUTTERFLY: Sat., 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARNAVAL, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, BAISER DE LA FÉE: Fri., 8.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, SIESTA, FAÇADE, JOB: Tues., 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET: The répertoire includes DAVID, GISELLE, LES SYLPHIDES, SHOW FOLK and CARNAVAL: Duke of York's. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House; week-days 9.30—7 (Thurs. till 10).

CONCERTS

Orchestral

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Felix Weingartner conducts the London Philharmonic in three works of Brahms': Tragic Overture; Symphony No. 3 in F; Symphony No. 2 in D. Queen's Hall, Thurs., 8.15.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Smirnov, Malceva, Coates, and the L.S.O. give their services in aid of the Free Cancer Hospital: Queen's Hall, Fri., 8.30.

(*Continued on page* iii)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Cecilia Oldham

Is engaged to Peter Anthony Malcolm, the son of Major G. H. Malcolm, of Duror, Argyll, and nephew of Sir Ian Malcolm. Miss Oldham is the daughter of Lt.-Col. H. L. Oldham, D.S.O., and Mrs. Oldham, of Wellington, Salop

Elwin Neame

Anne Faudel-Phillips

Is the daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Faudel-Phillips, of Balls Park, Herts; she is engaged to John Vincent Sheffield, youngest son of Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, of Normanby Park, Lincs.

Bassano

Barbara Mildred Grazebrook

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Grazebrook, of Himley House, near Dudley, Worcs.; she is engaged to Henry Morris Robinson, only son of Brig.-Gen. P. M. Robinson, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Robinson, of Groombridge, Sussex

Dougla

Susan Lamert

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Lamert, of 18, Gloucester Square, W.2; she has become engaged to John MacVean Luard, only son of Major and Mrs. H. B. Luard, of Woodlands, Little Baddow, Essex

Bassano

Dawn McClintock

Is the daughter of Mrs. George McClintock, of 88, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1, and her engagement is announced to Alec Bell, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Bell, of Canterbury, and the Hon. Mrs. Matthew Bell, of Bredon, Tewkesbury

Bassano

Rosalind Norman

Has become engaged to Aubrey Francis Burke, only son of the late Mr. A. Burke and Mrs. Burke, of Ashfield House, Holme, Yorks. Miss Norman is the daughter of Sir Henry Norman and the Hon. Lady Norman, of the Corner House, Cowley Street, S.W.1

Swaine

Bettine Gee

Has become engaged to Robert Leslie Wessel, son of the Chilean Minister to Denmark, and Mrs. Wessel; Miss Gee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gee, of Uplands, Rothley

Cobham — Stockley

Douglas Oldcastle Cobham, second son of the Rev. G. H. Cobham and the late Mrs. Cobham, of Beeford Rectory, Yorkshire, and Eileen Beatrice Capel Stockley, daughter of Brig.-Gen. H. R. Stockley, C.I.E., and Mrs. Stockley, of Gloucestershire, were married at Oaksey Church, near Swindon

Feeny — Bagge

At Brompton Oratory last week Joseph Feeny, of St. Columb's, Londonderry, and Rosaleen Bagge, youngest daughter of the late Sir Richard and Lady Bagge, were married. The bride is a keen airwoman

Dove — Sawday

William George Dove, of Oakdene, Kingston Hill, Surrey, married Rosemary Lilian Sawday, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Curnock Sawday, of Beechfield, Weybridge, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Hamilton — Sisterson

Major George Frederick Hamilton, of The Buffs, and Diana Homeria Sisterson, daughter of Mrs. George Sisterson, of 2, Cheltenham Terrace, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Mrs. Sisterson's marriage to Mr. Harry Cradock was arranged for the second day after her daughter's wedding

Pascoe — Scott

Margot Esson Scott, daughter of the late Col. F. J. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, was married to Frederick John Pascoe, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Pascoe, of Truro, at the Savoy Chapel, Strand

Cooke — Cameron

Theodore Thomas Stanley Cooke, eldest son of Col. G. S. C. Cooke, D.S.O., late R.E., and Mrs. Cooke, of Southampton, and Joan St. George Cameron, youngest daughter of the late Col. J. Cameron, R.E., and Mrs. Cameron, of Rodway Road, Bromley, Kent, were married at St. John's, Bromley

Lombard — Flanagan

At the Church of the Sacred Heart, Donnybrook, Co. Dublin, Winifred Woulfe-Flanagan, of Roebuck, Co. Dublin, was married to James Fitzgerald-Lombard, Staff College, Camberley, the son of Major R. E. Fitzgerald-Lombard, of London and Kingstown, Co. Dublin

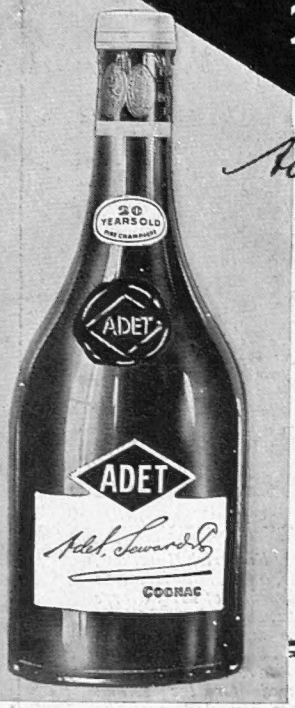
Minoprio — Angus

Charles Minoprio, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Minoprio, of Broadlands, Ascot, and Catherine Angus, of Westerham, Kent, were married on Tuesday of last week at the Church of St. Paul, Knightsbridge

Evans — Browne

Vernon Lavington Evans, of 29, The Boltons, the son of the late F. Lavington Evans, married Elizabeth Morton Browne, of 33, Kensington Court, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

ADET 20



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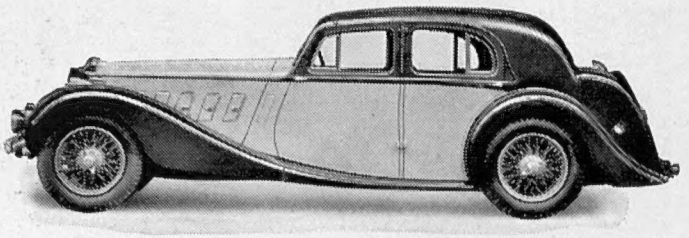

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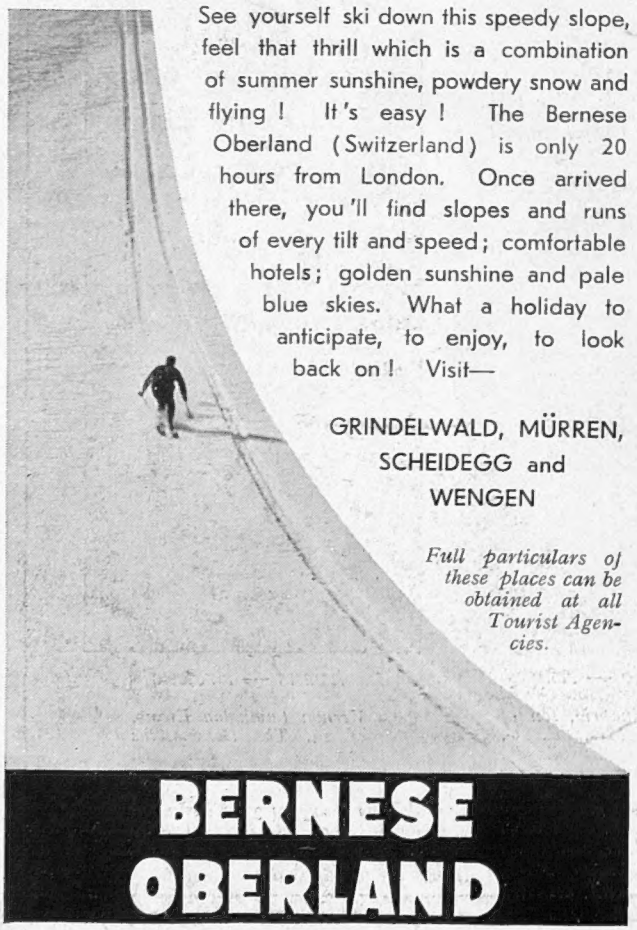

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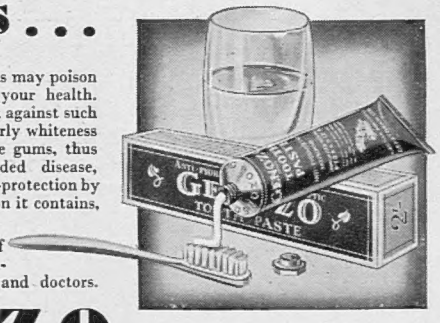

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The latter, Secretary-General to Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, shared the fate of his master when a general protest of citizens was organised, and the Prince of Salerno was chosen to bring to the Emperor in Germany the accusation of the city of Naples against the Tyrant, Don Pedro.

Bernardo Tasso accompanied the Prince of Salerno, but when they arrived in Nuremberg they found that Don Pedro had forestalled them. He had sent an emissary of his own to the Emperor describing from his own viewpoint the seditions and disorders of Naples, and accusing the Prince of Salerno as the instigator.

On the journey back, a mercenary assassin hired by Don Pedro just failed to kill the patriotic prince.

Stringent orders were issued by the Emperor against the 'culprits.' Vengeance lay, sinister and ominous, ahead. The Prince of Salerno, with his Secretary-General, Bernardo Tasso, saved their lives only by fleeing from Naples.

The sentence in the hands of Don Pedro was carried out mercilessly. The property of the two fugitives was confiscated. They were declared rebels, and little Torquato was forced to bid farewell to a broken-hearted mother . . . "

* * *

"One day his room was invaded by a group of guards with a warrant for a wholesale requisition of every book and every paper belonging to him, while Torquato was held motionless in the professional grip of one. The others took away every scrap of paper, all his books, manuscripts, references—all the substance of his life. This innocent material was all submitted to a careful examination, and passed through the scorching heat of flat-irons in case that anything had been written in lemon-juice or other sympathetic ink . . . "

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